

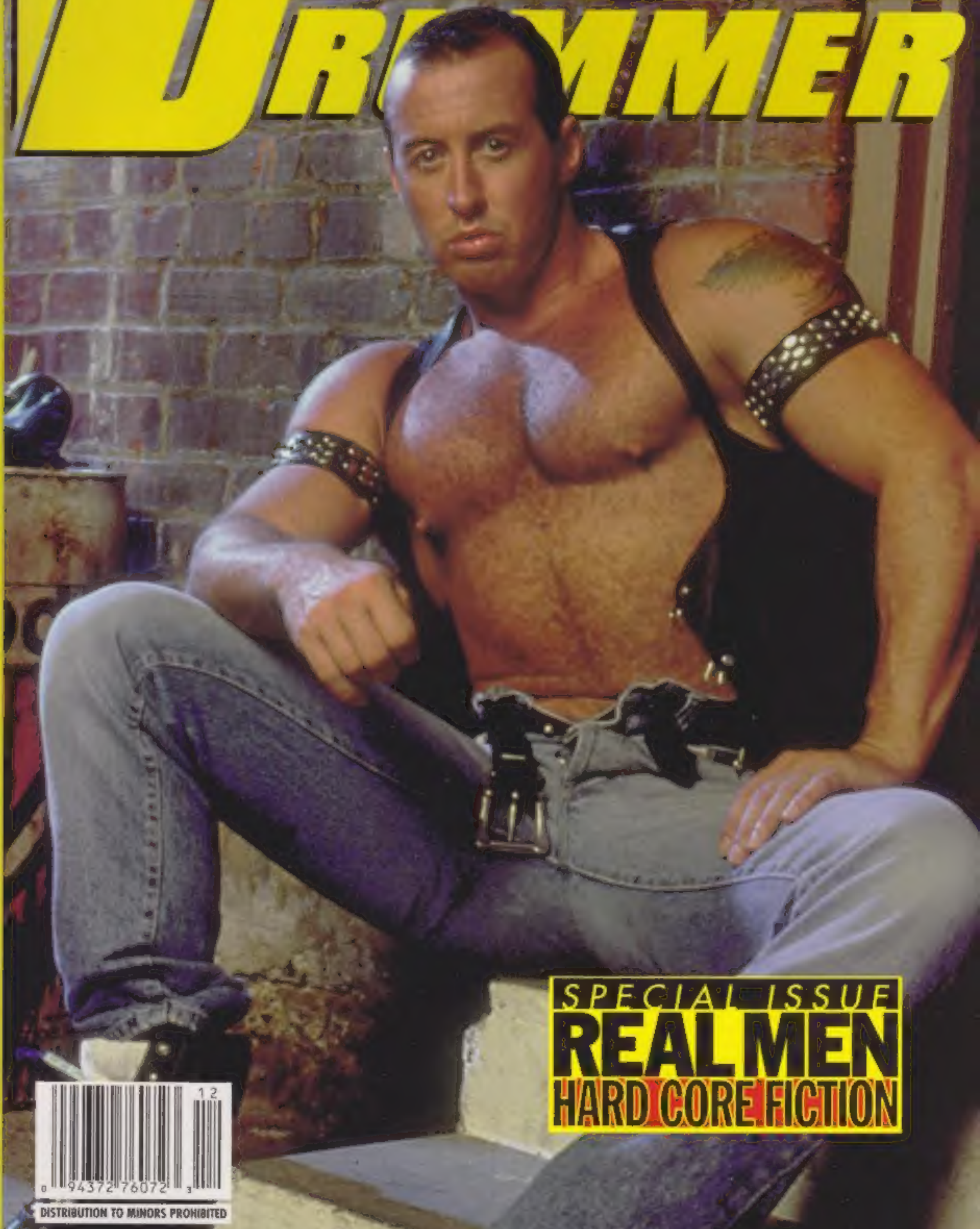
INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER

#191

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SPECIAL ISSUE
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Contents page: photo by Jim Wigler

**Issue #191
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Terry Brenoff, WordDog S.F.

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by David Laurents



MALE CALL

Ken Doll Crap

Yawn. That was my reaction to issue #189 (Altered Sex: New States of Sexual Ecstasy). Up until that issue, International Drummer has been a mag that I could count on, issue after issue, to deliver men at their raunchiest best. What the hell was that clean-shaven, pretty boy shit that Kristen Bjorn doing in it? If I wanted that I would have picked up a copy of Torso. Give us a break from that hairless, status quo, Ken Doll crap. Give us MEN in their unpolished glory.
One Very Tough Customer,
Z.L.W.
Puyallup, WA

Ed. *Have you ever consider joining the Marines? If not I'd say go for it. If you've already been there, how about us sending a few good men? I mean a few good stories? And regarding Kristen Bjorn: From what I hear those boys you hate are like the energizer bunny. In Bjorn's movies they keep cumming and cumming. So how about checking out one of his videos and THEN let us know what you think about Bjorn's hot-blooded, big-dick studs.*

On Catheters and Cum

I was delighted to get Drummer again with issue #189, though hopefully I can order back issue #185, as I am a rubber lover. I'm sixty years old, gay (clean and safe) and now live a solo lifestyle. Some time ago I had a prostate operation and developed a neurogenic bladder. Under a doctor's care I now use self-catheterization.

During one of my check-ups at the doctor's office, with catheter in me, I lost all control and became very stimulated and had a fantastic catheter ejaculation. I was told by the nurse this was normal and happens often with men who use catheters. Now, from time to time, when I ride my exercise bike, I put on rubber pants and, with catheter in me, I ride to a sexy and wonder-

ful catheter ejaculation.
C.R.
Apopka, FL

Ed. *The joys of catheters is a sorely under-appreciated turn on. Glad to know it's alive and well.*

Hot Load for Hot Shots

Issue #188 (20th Anniversary issue) has just arrived. Within "Jim Wigler's Photographs from the Drummer Archives" is a photo of the sexiest man I've ever seen. The image on is page 57. Never before have I shot my load like I have while looking at and lusting for this handsome stud. God, he's beautiful.
D.R.
Statesboro, GA

Kudos for a Literary Coup

I recently received your anniversary issue #188. I can't tell you how pleased I was to see "Mr. Benson" by John Preston within the pages of Drummer again. And then to stumble across Anne Rice (writing as A.N. Roquelare)! Kudos for a literary coup. It's about time International Drummer started getting some recognition as the place where most, dare I say ALL, of our best porn writers got their start. I look forward to reading more porn classics!
J.L.
New York, NY

Blitzkrieg With Balls

I was shocked to see issue #187 on the stands (Metallic Pricks). It was truly daring, especially your choice to run images of Kavadi. Glad to see that, despite the anti-porn, anti-sex Blitzkrieg someone still has the balls to stay on the cutting edge.
Don't back down.
P.P.
Boston, MA

Holy Rained Ones!!!

It's about time! International Drummer has finally gotten off it's high horse and put together a leather pagan issue. (#189). I was



shocked, shaken and utterly pleased. From the interview with Mark Thompson to the excerpt from Ganymede, you didn't miss a beat. Drummer- you've got more balls than I thought!!! Next time I start to denounce the "magazine with balls," for being too chicken shit to take on the leather fairies, I'll just clasp my beads and bite my pagan lips.
Blessed Be,
J.L.
Knoxville, TN

Ed. *Gee thanks. A few of us here were waiting to be tarred and feather and chased out of the industry. But, we just burned a lot of sage and held onto our hats!*

Correction

In issue #190 of International Drummer, the photospread "Dark Wood" was incorrectly credited to Robert Kirsch. The photos should have been credited to Titan Media. Any questions regarding this photospread should be directed to Titan Media at 1-800-360-7204. International Drummer apologizes for the error.



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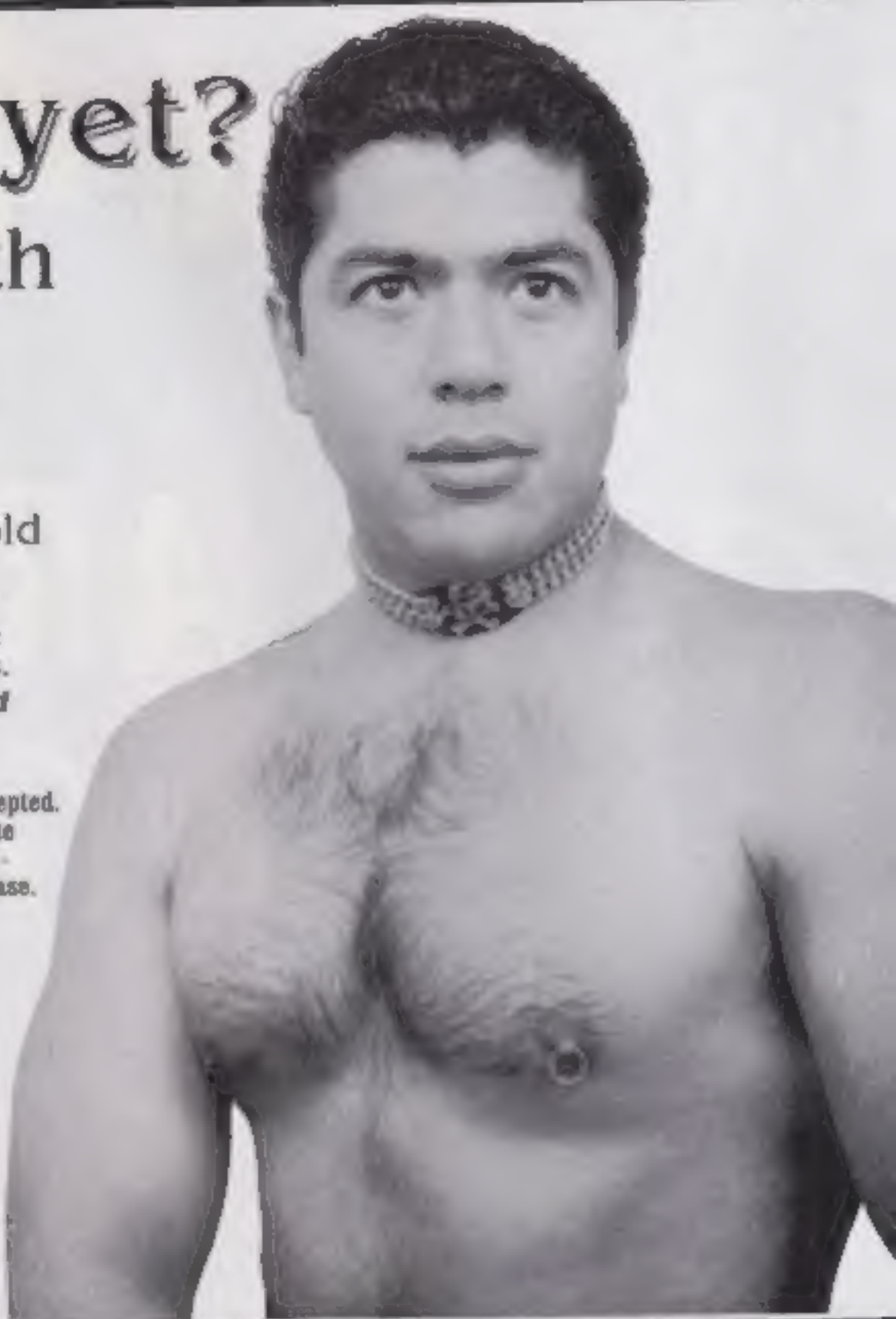
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SPECIAL ISSUE
REAL MEN
HARD CORE FICTION

**What
to Read
When
You're
Hot & Bothered...**



Photos of Blue Blake courtesy Leisure Time Video

blue blake



SPECIAL ISSUE
REAL MEN
HARD CORE FICTION

The Drummer Reading List

FICTION

AI
by Hoody Allan, Badboy, NY

The Badboy Book of Erotic Poetry
Edited by David Laurents, Badboy, NY

Beware the God Who Smiles
Larry Townsend, Badboy, NY

The Brig
by Mason Powell, The Outboard
Press, Inc., NY

Care and Training of the Male Slave IV
by Robert Payne, Alternate Publications

Construction Worker
by Larry Townsend, Badboy, NY

Flesh and the Word
edited by John Preston and Michael
Lowenthal, Dutton, NY

Flederfiction: Stories of Men and Torture
by Fledermaus, Badboy, NY, NY

In The Blood
by Aaron Travis, Badboy, NY

Joy Spot
by Phil Andros, Badboy, NY

Of Slaves and Ropes and Lovers
Compiled and edited by Larry Townsend,
L.T. Publications, Beverly Hills

The Real Thing
by William Carney, Richard Kasak Book,
NY

WHIPS
by Victor Terry, Badboy, NY

NONFICTION

Ask Larry
by Larry Townsend,
Richard Kasak Books, NY

The Bottoming Book
by Dossie Easton & Catherine A. Liszt,
Greenery Press, San Francisco

Exhibitionism for the Shy
by Carol Queen, Down There Press/Yes
Press, San Francisco

Forbidden Passages
Writings Banned in Canada, various
artists, Cleis Press, Pittsburgh

Public Sex: The Culture of Radical Sex
by Pat Califia, Cleis Press, Pittsburgh

Restricted Entry
by Janine Fuller & Stuart Blackley, Press
Gang Publishers, Vancouver, Canada

The Topping Book
by Dossie Easton & Catherine A. Liszt,
Greenery Press, San Francisco

Writing Below the Belt
Conversations with Erotic Authors by
Michael Rowe, Richard Kasak Books, NY



Vampires, Comrades and Leather Men

VIDEO REVIEWS BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN

IML Uncut

This video is part of the new "Catalina Leather Series." If that sounds more like a line of ladies' shoes and accessories than a collection of hardcore, leather fetish porn to you, you're not very far off. IML Uncut falls short of truly delivering on its promise of leather-sex fantasies. While it's true that all the performers are wearing leather (chaps, harnesses, vests, etc.), the sex falls pretty squarely in the vanilla camp. Direc-

well. Eliot alternates footage from the annual International Mr. Leather (IML) Contest with sex scenes set backstage. This device is a good one, even if the offstage segments are a bit contrived. The shots of the contestants strutting their stuff are often hotter than the staged scenes. One highlight is seeing a contestant paddle his own chest and ass as he walks the catwalk. Two of the contestants perform in sex scenes. Don Kristian (Mr. Ft. Lauderdale) and John Payne (Mr. Manhole, Chicago) are introduced as the "Catalina model search winners." Both give solid performances for video newcomers. The young Payne is wickedly cute and a terrific bottom which is not surprising given his title. There are a few other International Mr. Leather contestants it would have been great to see in sex scenes too, but we take what we can get.

The action in this video ranges from decent to very hot. Dick Masters and Toney Amoure have a great sex-club scene. After some mutual sucking off through a glory hole, Masters and Amoure step outside their booths. Masters then gives Amoure a good, hard fuck. The last scene featuring Brad Hunt and Rip Stone, two of the hottest guys working today, is the best. Stone is a dream combination of butch daddy and hungry bottom boy. Watching him bend over, spread his massive, muscular thighs and buttocks, and take Hunts considerable cock is a real pleasure. He clearly thinks so too, judging by the way he moans, bucks and asks for more. *IML Uncut. A Catalina Leather Series Presentation. Directed by Josh Eliot.*

Starring Rip Stone, Brad Hunt, Max Stone, Don Mercer, Dick Masters, Toney Amoure, Dino DiMarco, Gregory Colt, Don Kristian, and John Payne. Running time 87 minutes. To order write Catalina Video, P.O. Box 7016, Tarzana, CA 91357 or call 818 708-9200.

The Vampire of Budapest

After conquering North and South America and Australia, Kristen Bjorn has moved onto Europe—specifically Hungary—for his latest films. With *The Vampire of Budapest*, Bjorn proves once again that he is one of the all-time best makers of gay porn. He consistently finds gorgeous men to film having really hot sex. Much of the turn-on certainly lies in the fact that his models aren't the gym-toned, pretty-boy fags we see in porn shot in the United States. The men in his films are fresh to the medium. They all have wonderful, athletic bodies and strong, distinctive looks.

Set in modern times, *The Vampire of Budapest* follows the adventures of Marko Nagy, a hunky blond vampire who becomes human again when he finds queer love. The story is silly and inconsequential. The video stum-

VAMPIRE STRONG, DISTINCTIVE LOOKS



CONTESTANTS STRUT THEIR STUFF

tor Josh Eliot has put raunchier scenes than we get here in his "mainstream" videos.

On the other hand, as a standard gay porn video, *IML Uncut* works



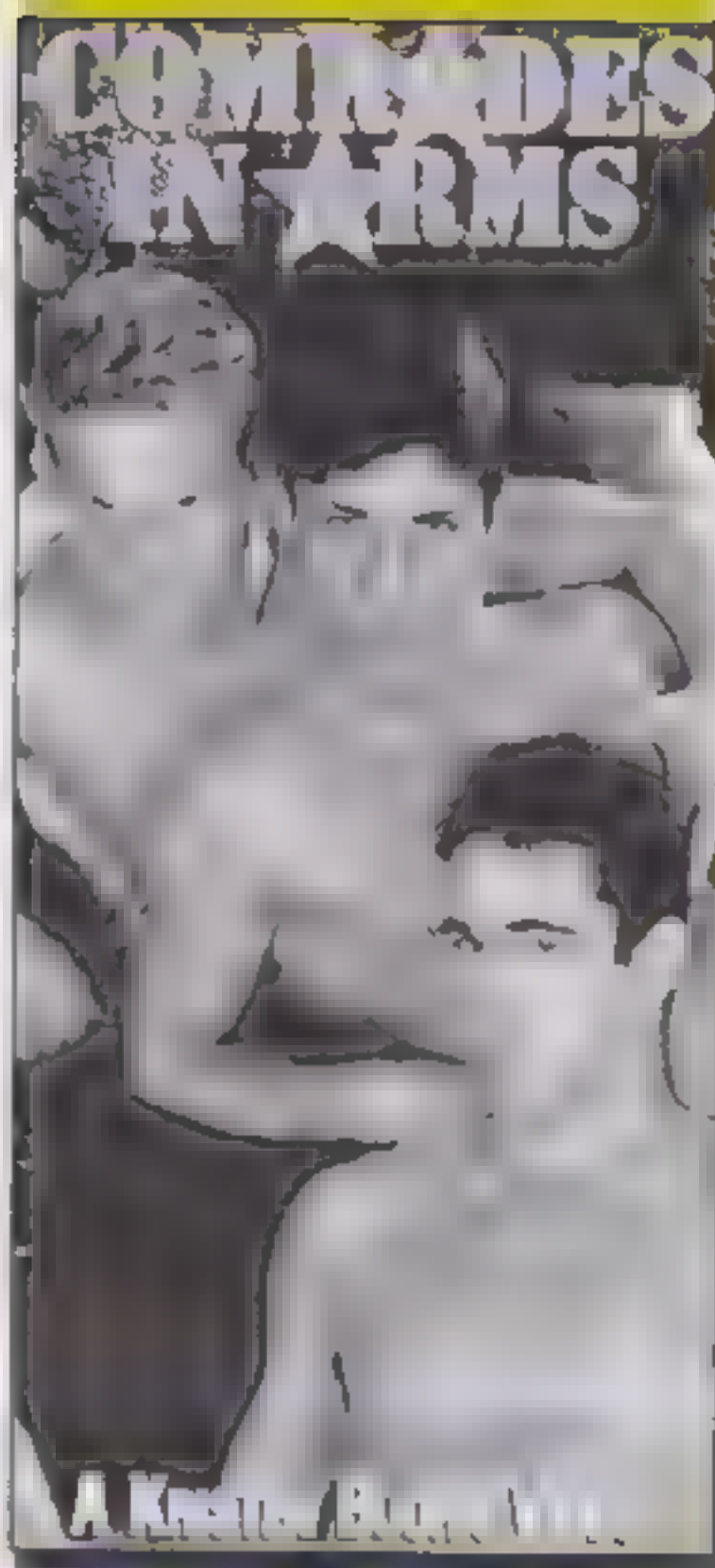
bles a bit by taking the plot too seriously. The sex, however, is outstanding. Each scene delivers great action. There are plenty of Bjorn's trademark cum shots. There are a few times when we see the performers jack themselves off, but most of the many orgasms happen during sex with another person. Guys shoot while getting fucked, rubbing against each other, getting rimmed or sucked, giving head, or eating ass. The men look like the handsome older brothers of the cute, young Eastern Europeans used by George Duroy. While Duroy's chickens are great, these men have a strong, aggressive, masculine appeal, and they go at each other as if they are possessed by randy demons.

There is plenty of phenomenal group action. The video starts with a guy giving his lover a birthday present by fulfilling his gang-rape fantasies. He and two hired hands pin the birthday boy to a table and screw his brains out. Other directors would end the scene after that, but Bjorn continues with the foursome. They suck, rim and fuck each other until each has shot multiple times. The Vampire of Budapest also includes an amazing sixteen-man orgy in a bathhouse that defies description.

The Vampire of Budapest. Saraya Productions presents a Kristen Bjorn Video. Direction and videography by Kristen Bjorn. Starring Laszlo Lodor, Zoltan Korma, Akos Matyas, Janos Balesik, Marko Nagy, Gyula Erös, Muriusz Havas, Tomas Kruc, Arpad Miklos, Gabor Parhon, Imre Metzger, Reszo Farkas, Gabor Baranics, Attila Sipos, Joska Tenta, and Tibor Mokang. Running time 115 minutes. To order, call 800/344-5142, or write Arrowhead Distributors, 1445 Alton Road, Miami Beach, FL 33139.

Comrades in Arms

Kristen Bjorn's second Hungarian video, *Comrades in Arms*, follows the same tradition of excellence as the first. If you think you're not into fetishizing the military, you may think again after this. These Russian



BJORN'S SPECIALTY: LOTS OF CUM SHOTS

soldiers are not like the tough, macho jarheads other porn presents as American military men. While the Eastern Europeans are very strong and masculine, they also radiate a tender and intelligent quality. They have a look and manner of another time, the first World War perhaps, even though the story is set in the present. Don't be misled—they do have down-and-dirty sex. The action never gets into hard core, but it's about as rough as vanilla sex can be.

As they leave Budapest at the end of the cold war, several Soviet soldiers remember the adventures they have had in the city. In the first scene, Marko Nagy meets two hunters (Joska Tenta and Lajos Magyar) on the road. They go to a cabin to have some vodka, and Nagy and Tenta take turns fucking Magyar. As is typical in Bjorn's videos, each of the three shoot big loads at least three times during the extended scene. Another fantastic group scene involves eight men in a hole-in-the-wall bar. There is a nice mix of

incredibly youngish pretty boys and slightly older, butch guys. Even better, you can't predict their roles by their type. Reszo Farkas is a cute little blond sailor who turns out to be a really boss top, and Akos Matyas and Janos Balesik are two dark, handsome stud-bottoms. At one point, Balesik is carried, legs spread, back and forth between two guys.

The final scene takes place back in Mother Russia where the soldiers were worried they wouldn't have as much fun as they had had in Hungary. Their fears are, of course, unjustified. In an army gym, Alexei Gromoff jacks off fantasizing about the body builders (Nicola and Boris Otov) pictured on a poster. This may be the only weak segment of the video. The Otovs—we think they are brothers—never go beyond masturbating in the fantasy sequence. The scene picks up when Marko Nagy sees Gromoff stroking himself and begins sucking him off. After that, Nagy screws Gromoff in almost every position possible on a workout bench. *Comrades in Arms.* Saraya Productions presents a Kristen Bjorn Video. Direction and videography by Kristen Bjorn. Starring Alexei Gromoff, Joska Tenta, Lajos Magyar, Marko Nagy, Sasha Borov, Arpad Miklos, Reszo Farkas, Attila Sipos, Akos Matyas, Krisztian Simon, Janos Balesik, Nicola Otov, and Boris Otov. Running time 110 minutes. To order, call 800/344-5142, or write Arrowhead Distributors, 1445 Alton Road, Miami Beach, FL 33139.

Alex's Leather Dream

Close-Up Productions has raised the standard for production values in videos produced by a small company. Alex's Leather Dream has the spirit of an independent video, but its quality approaches that of larger studios. The editing in particular is very professional. The overall product has less edge and is less raunchy than truly underground films, but if you are bothered by out-of-focus shots and poor sound, the trade-off may be worth it.



ALEX'S LEATHER DREAM HOT SLING ACTION

The bulk of Alex's Leather Dream is, not surprisingly, the fantasy Alex Andrade has while rubbing his crotch with a leather strap. The scene starts out looking as if it might move into serious SM. Joe Romero and Anton Cort lead Eduardo into a playroom where Andrade waits blindfolded. The action starts with Romero and Cort pushing Eduardo down to service them and giving him little spanks. Eventually, Andrade is brought in and the foursome splits into two pairs. The domination element never really progresses, and the sex remains fairly standard with a rigid top/bottom split. Even though it's Alex's dream, the hottest action is Cort sticking it to Eduardo in a sling. Eduardo is a fabulous bottom who remains hard the whole time and shoots while still being fucked.

The second and final scene has little to do with the first. It is simply a basic sex scene with mild overtones of domination and submission featuring Mike Cesar and Dino Phillips. Cesar is a tough, tattooed and hairy bottom whose verbal performance is nearly as good as his bodily one. Director Steve Johnson made good use of the sling. This segment also ends with a nice, hard fuck with Cesar suspended and spread for Phillips.

Alex's Leather Dream. Close-Up Productions presents a Steve Johnson Video. Directed by Steve Johnson. Starring Joe Romero, Alex Andrade, Eduardo, Anton Cort, Mike Cesar, and Dino Phillips. Running time 75 minutes. To order, write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

BOOK REVIEWS

Flesh and the Word 3

Edited by John Preston with Michael Lowenthal Plume, 1995 \$13.95

As a writer dedicated to the fine art of smut, it is quite fitting that Preston's final project was "Flesh and the Word 3," the third volume of his highly acclaimed anthology of gay sexual writing. After Preston's AIDS-related death in 1994, Michael Lowenthal finished editing the manuscript, which was published in 1995.

Preston explains in his introduction that he first envisioned "Flesh and the Word" as a means to "legitimize" pornographic writing. He succeeded more than he could have ever anticipated.

The wonderful thing about the "Flesh and the Word" books is that they have made pornography "the good stuff." . . . [The anthologies] are taken seriously and so "serious" writers want to be included.

"Flesh and the Word 3" is divided into nine parts, based on the themes or genres of each piece. The anthology includes established writers as

well as newer, previously unpublished writers. The anthology includes various forms of writing: novel excerpts; short stories; and nonfiction memoirs.

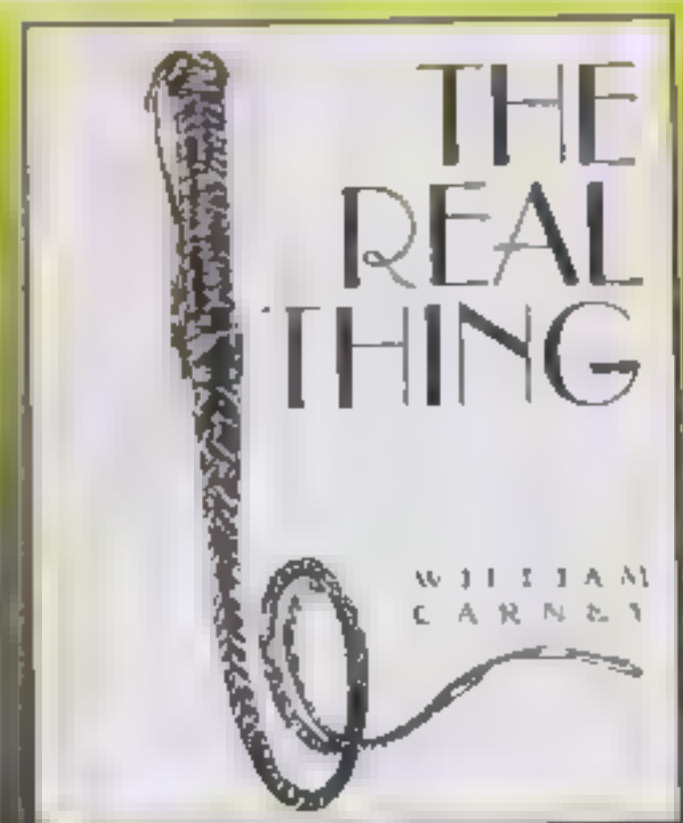
Steven Saylor's "Breaking in Baby Face" is a tongue-in-cheek piece. For Robert Patrick fans, "After Hours at the Buono" is a must. Have someone read aloud to you in order to experience Patrick's gift with language. Preston's own "Tops' Night Out" challenges the tired image of the "stone" Top with hot Top-on-Top action.

Anyone with a fetish for Catholic pornography should flip right to Part Six, "Catholic Lust." Name droppers, gossipers, and star-fuckers will love Part Seven, "Real Sex Behind the Scenes."

Part Eight, "Post AIDS: Sex and Grief" is a compilation of sex stories that confronts the AIDS epidemic in an insightful and sexy way. The four stories in this section illuminate the importance of maintaining hope, joy, and desire in the face of AIDS. Preston wrote in the introduction to this section that "the epidemic rages on, but so do life and sex."

Overall, "Flesh and the Word 3" is a bit vanilla for my taste. Weak pieces of writing follow strong works. Although I would not recommend this book to those seeking truly perverted smut, the anthology is, for the most part, a solid collection of writings.

Reviewed by Dillon



A SEDUCTIVE STORY TOLD THROUGH LETTERS

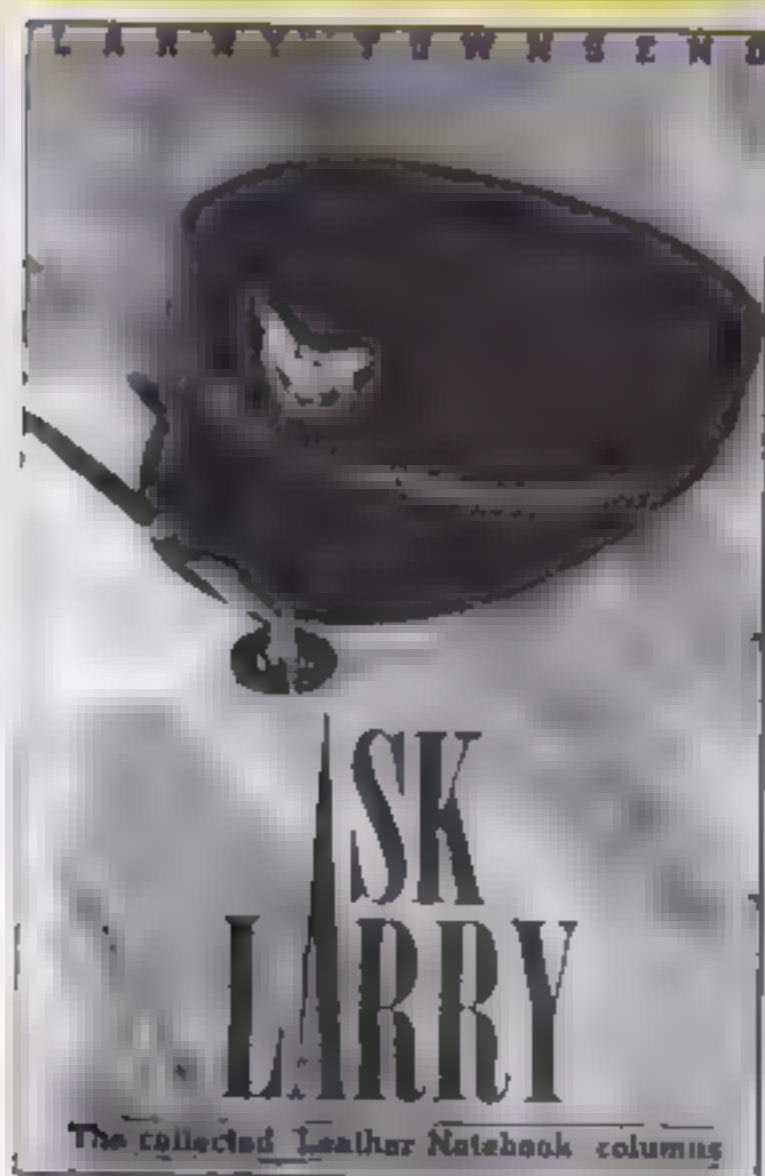
The Real Thing

"The Real Thing," by William Carney, is set in the gay SM scene. It is a wonderfully seductive story told through a series of letters from an uncle to his nephew. The uncle, a renowned and highly respected master in the SM scene, uses his missives to indoctrinate his curious nephew into his cloistered culture. "The Real Thing" is a story of terror and sex, astonishingly first published in 1968, reads as if written today.

Larry Townsend has another book out on called "Ask Larry" which is a collection of the "Leather Notebook" columns, beginning in 1979. As always, Larry is immersed in the scene. So if you have any SM questions check out "Ask Larry" for the answers.

Reviewed by Jimmy White

ANSWERING ALL YOUR S/M QUESTIONS



The Brig & Basic Training

If you have hard core, non-consensual SM fantasies, as I do, be sure to pick up "The Brig," Mason Powell's newly re-released erotic classic. Not for the faint of heart, this incredibly hot tale of imprisonment and erotic torture is supposedly based on a true story, an experience faced by the author's lover as a conscientious

objector in the Vietnam War. If the idea of getting off on real-life violence makes you uncomfortable, as it does me, particularly when it comes to the torture of political prisoners by the military, take this book's "truth" with a grain of salt.

Powell's well-written first person narrative of a young naive sailor begins with the line, "I was straight, and that was one thing I was sure of." Our man becomes less sure as he sinks deeper into his Marine captors' pit of hell.

Starting with scalding hot showers, humiliation games, and brutal whippings, the action progresses to anal probing and cock and ball torture. Just when our nameless hero thinks he can take no more, it gets worse, or better, as the case may be. The sailor is forced to partake in the torture of other prisoners, sucks off and gets fucked by his captors, drinks piss and gets shit on — treated to every possible act a submissive could experience.

What makes "The Brig" work is the psychological torture, the mind games played on the prisoner by the sergeant and two corporals in charge of his training. The sergeant is an obvious daddy figure hurting him for his own good, while the corporals are like sadistic brothers glad it's not their asses in the air. Their overall goal is to make the boy not just homosexual, but truly perverted. The sergeant, "my sergeant," as the sailor calls him, is training him to respond sexually only to pain and degradation.

It doesn't take long for our hero to figure out that if he's going to get fucked and beaten anyway, then try to enjoy it. In the process he realizes he is gay. He comes to love both being dominated. In the rare instances in which he is allowed to dominate someone else, he enjoys being the one on top. Near the end of his eight week detainment in the Brig, he decides that if he has to be a dog, then he will be the best damn dog the Marines have ever trained.



He takes pride in being a good cock-sucker, bootlicker, and humble servant. When released, he's not so sure he wants to leave.

So if you're looking for hot smut with believable characters and thought-provoking writing, with plenty of mind-fucks to go with the ass-fucks, don't miss this book.

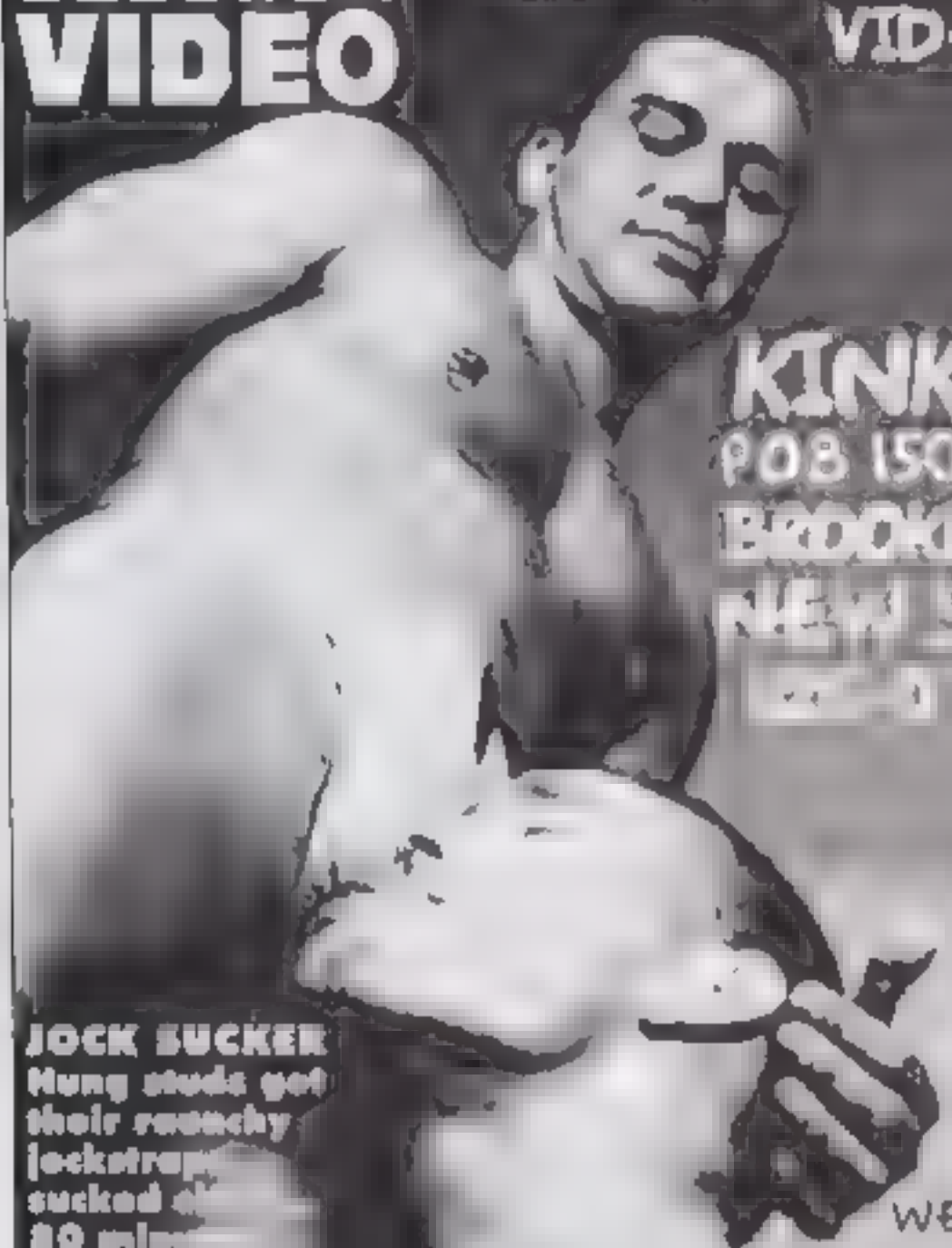
If, on the other hand, you want to read some simple down-and-dirty suck and fuck stories, consider picking up "Basic Training: True Homosexual Military Stories, Volume Five," accounts of gays in the military from Leyland Publications. A bit tame to me after "The Brig," they seemed to get better farther into the book. Lots of lusty young recruits and horny older sergeants getting their rocks off in each others' holes. Adult movie theaters, off-base apartments and, of course, army barracks, provide the setting for circle fucks and ass-plowing orgies.

Most of the sex tends to be overly friendly and fun, the roughest it gets is in describing assholes being torn up by huge hard cocks. Don't get me wrong, huge hard cocks tearing through assholes are great. But I found myself longing for a pistol-whipping scene, or at least some good bondage. And whatever happened to "Sir! Yes, sir!"? The soldiers in these stories seemed to forget their manners far too often. Maybe they needed to get sent back to basic training.

Reviewed by Jasper Jenks

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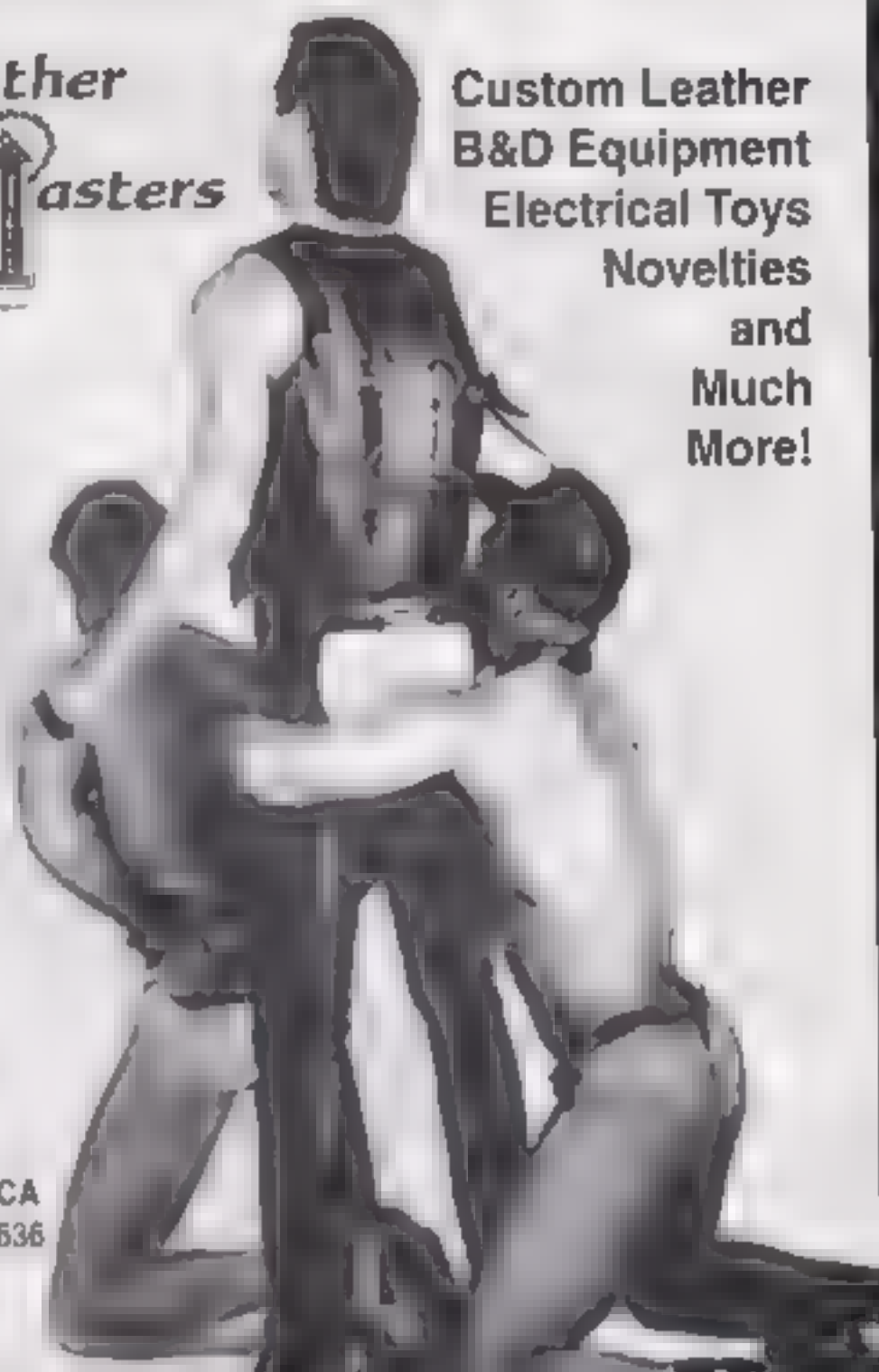
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Burning Desire

BY NORMAN GREENSTEIN, M.D.

Illustration by R.A.W.

BRANDING IS AN EXTREME PRACTICE. IT IS PERMANENT, RISKY, DIFFICULT TO PERFORM WELL, AND HURTS LIKE HELL.

Branding is most commonly seen on TV or in the movies when a cowboy uses a large, thick metal form to fry a calf's tough hide for what seems like a sizzling eternity. However common sense leads us to realize that branding in an SM or fetish situation is far different than it would be on the Circle-Bar-T Ranch.

For some aficionados, branding represents an ultimate act of dominance or submission. For others, it is a variety of sadomasochism. For still others, branding may be a form of ritual scarification with spiritual significance. Whatever its purpose, a brand is a deliberately imposed, controlled third-degree burn.

Flesh Wounds

There are three levels of severity of burns to the skin. First degree burns are usually caused by exposure to too much sun or a flash of "low" level heat, about 43-46 degrees centigrade. The skin turns red and painful, and may have scant tiny blisters. The redness is caused by blood vessels in the burned skin dilating, and the blisters form because the vessels become leaky.

A second degree burn may be caused by limited exposure to very hot liquid, flame, longer time in the sun, or a moderately hot surface. The skin develops larger blisters or a moist, oozing surface and is usually painful unless the burn is quite

deep. A first degree burn usually heals in 1-6 days, and a second degree burn in 10 to 21 days or more. Both types of burn are referred to as "partial thickness" because they do not go all the way through all layers of skin.

A third degree burn is referred to as "full thickness" because it destroys epidermis, dermis, and also skin "adnexa" such as hair follicles and sweat glands which start under the skin in the fatty tissue. Because all skin cells are destroyed, an open wound is created which cannot close itself, since there are no cells left to make new skin.

These burns are caused by higher temperatures and/or longer exposures to extreme heat than partial thickness burns. Very small third degree burns can contract themselves closed across the burn and seal themselves with fibrous scar tissue, but larger such burns need skin grafting.

See An Expert

Branding is a difficult and complex process in which faulty technique or improper aftercare can cause serious problems for the recipient. Since the medical literature is not teeming with reports of medical complications of branding, the techniques used by those who do most of the branding must be reasonably safe. One person with extensive experience is Raelynn Gallina, a Bay Area body modification artist.

Gallina's first words with regard to branding are "It's not like a Western!" Human skin is not tough like cow skin and thus responds to quick contact with the branding implement. Branding forms suitable for human use are much smaller than any found on a ranch. Gallina prefers to use branding forms which she designs from 20 gage sheet metal, such as that found in heating ducts. She cautions that the branding metal should be very thin,



because of the brand's tendency to widen. Individual parts of the brand should be short--no strike should be longer than 2". Many of the brands she does are multiple "strikes" to form a complete, pre-applied design. Shapes she favors include dots, chevrons and half-circles.

Branding artist Idexa of Black and Blue Tattoo, does her brands with multiple small "strikes" made of tin can segments or sheet metal 0.01-0.06" thick, and no longer than 1" per strike. She advises that stainless steel is probably the best, since it is most likely to contain heat evenly. She warns of likely distortion of shapes made from copper, brass or tin.

Both Gallina and Idexa heat the brand forms red hot before striking. Gallina holds the brand in light contact with the skin for 1.25 seconds. Idexa for less than a second. It is extremely important not to press too hard, or the brand might go deeper into the fatty tissue than intended and not only distort the intended shape, but increase the risk of infection. Both emphasize the importance of eye-hand coordination in avoiding accidents or bad results. Idexa notes that stabilizing the body part to be branded on a level surface is helpful, and holds the branding form at a fixed distance from the skin before beginning to heat it. Gallina points out that not only do body parts move, the skin itself can move and should be stabilized.

Some body parts are appropriate for branding but many are not. Obviously a flat surface overlying adequate padding is best. Most brands are done on the upper back, outside of the upper arm, or upper thigh. No-nos are any body parts that move, such as joints or areas near joints. Part of the scarring in the brand will be relatively inflexible fibrous tissue and part will be skin contraction; both of these will decrease movement across or near a joint. Areas with little underlying fatty tissue are more risky, since it is

easier to accidentally damage muscle or other internal tissues with excess pressure.

The appearance and shape of the brand tend to change over time. These changes continue for weeks, and can be unpredictable. If a pattern is being created, it is best to limit the involved skin to an area inside a square 2-3" on a side. Individual strikes should be no closer together than 3/4". Each burn will swell over the ensuing days and there needs to be space for this.

Closed shapes should be avoided when making brand forms; if one desires a circle, for example, a 2/3 or 3/4 circle is likely to swell into a complete circle over time. If the initial shape is closed, such as a circle, swelling could be sufficient inside the shape to cause death and sloughing off of the skin inside the circle, possibly leading to the need for a skin graft. If the amount of skin branded at one time is too large, the chance for major infection is increased, and there is an increased risk of ill effects on other body systems from metabolic effects of larger burns.

Burn Ward

Aftercare of the brand is even more important than branding technique. Keeping it clean is imperative. Some people prefer to keep the burn dry and simply wash it daily in the shower. I am of the opinion that an antimicrobial cream is very beneficial. Silver sulfadiazine is available only by prescription but is more effective than over-the-counter ointments against some of the bacteria likely to invade the burn by the end of the first week. This should be applied for the first time very shortly after the brand is made.

The brand should be washed daily, any dead pieces of burned skin picked off, and the cream reapplied after cleaning until the oozing stops, after about two weeks. Ideally the area, protected by antibacterial cream, should be left uncovered, but

this is impractical. A loose sterile gauze covering should be adequate. Tight dressings which form a seal should be avoided; these can increase the likelihood of infection. Eating a good diet, getting plenty of vitamin C, and drinking lots of fluids are also helpful.

It is essential to clean the brand every day and inspect it for signs of infection. Usually the burn will continue to ooze clear golden fluid during the time when granulation tissue, or healing, begins to occur. A hard crusty scab, called an eschar, forms over this and may be present for a number of weeks. The most common signs of infection are areas of brown or black discoloration, or early separation of the scab.

An infected brand is not something you can expect to take care of at home, and it cannot be treated by popping a few antibiotic pills. See a doctor, and do so quickly! Wasting time could result in tissue damage requiring surgery. It is better to be checked out for a false alarm than risk permanent deformity or life-threatening infection.

Branding is not something to be undertaken lightly. It is technically difficult and physically risky. People with HIV or other immune system disorders must be especially cautious when embarking on this particular journey, one which takes months, not seconds, to complete. Tetanus immunization should be up-to-date before one gets a brand, no matter what one's immune system status is.

No one should attempt to do a branding from this or any article in a magazine. I strongly advise anyone considering it to contact someone who is experienced. Branding is important enough, and for many men meaningful enough, to be worth waiting to do it until you're sure you can do it right.

For more on this topic see "Branding Journal" by Cornelius Conboy which begins on page 46 of this issue of International Drummer

Using Catheters

SLIDING OBJECTS INTO YOUR PENIS CAN HAVE SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES IF NOT DONE PROPERLY AND WITH CARE.

A reader writes: *My new boyfriend is fascinated by catheter play and has been after me to try it with him, but I'm nervous. He also has some devices called urethral sounds and wants me to use these on him. Is this safe?*

Only an experienced urologist should be inserting inflexible objects into a penis. If you can't see where you are going, how will you ever know if you get there or not? If your boyfriend wants to use sounds in a scene, fine, but use them as props. Threats are safer than risk creating a new urethra for your partner.

Catheter play is an advanced SM technique. It is not something you can learn from reading a column in *Drummer*; please do not try this until you have been taught how by an experienced person. There are a number of things which can go wrong. The most common bad effect of catheter play is a bladder infection. It is nearly impossible to put a tube into the piss slit, no matter how clean the area and how well cleaned the penis, without driving bacteria in with the tube. Even in hospitals, about 5% of catheterizations end up causing bladder infections. The chances are slightly decreased if the bottom takes 500 mg of vitamin C and/or drinks cranberry juice several hours before the scene; this makes his urine more acid and harder for bacteria to grow in. However, it is still important to be extremely cautious to avoid infection.

Other problems that can develop

from catheter play range from a little blood in the urine to driving the catheter tip into the tissue around the urethra and creating a blind passageway, with possible permanent scarring. The inside of the urethra is soft and spongy. Parts of it do not have a lining like mucous membrane, and so are relatively easy to puncture. Even if one doesn't reroute his partner's plumbing, his urethra may end up scarred in a way that could cause a stricture and interfere with urination permanently. Men over 50 and men with prostate problems are at greater risk of trauma from catheters; they should avoid catheter scenes unless they are the top.

There are three types of catheters you may encounter: Foley, Coude, and plain red rubber. Red rubber catheters are softer than the others and are commonly used by people who have illnesses requiring them to catheterize themselves. Foley and Coude catheters have an inflatable balloon on the end to hold them in the bladder and are designed to be left in for a while. They come in sizes; a reasonable size for a man would be a 16 French. Foleys are for women or

for men under 50. Coudes are bent at the tip and are for men over 50 or with prostate problems; anybody who needs a Coude catheter shouldn't be a bottom in this kind of scene in the first place.

All catheter equipment should be sterile. Never use a catheter on more than one person! Always clean the end of the penis well with an antiseptic such as betadine, rubbing alcohol, etc. Cover the thighs and abdomen with sterile towels. Wear sterile latex gloves. Hold the penis at a 90 degree angle to the body, put sterile lube on the end of the catheter, and insert it very gently. STOP at the first sign of resistance! If urine starts coming out of the catheter, go another half inch or so and then stop. And please, never put anything through the catheter into the bladder. Afterwards, if the bottom develops burning during urination, increased frequency of urination, or extreme feelings of urgency about pissing, he may have a bladder infection. He should then drink cranberry juice and go see a doctor. It is important to get bladder infections treated; an untreated infection can go up the ureters, the tubes between the kidneys and the bladder, and cause a kidney infection, which can be very serious. ■

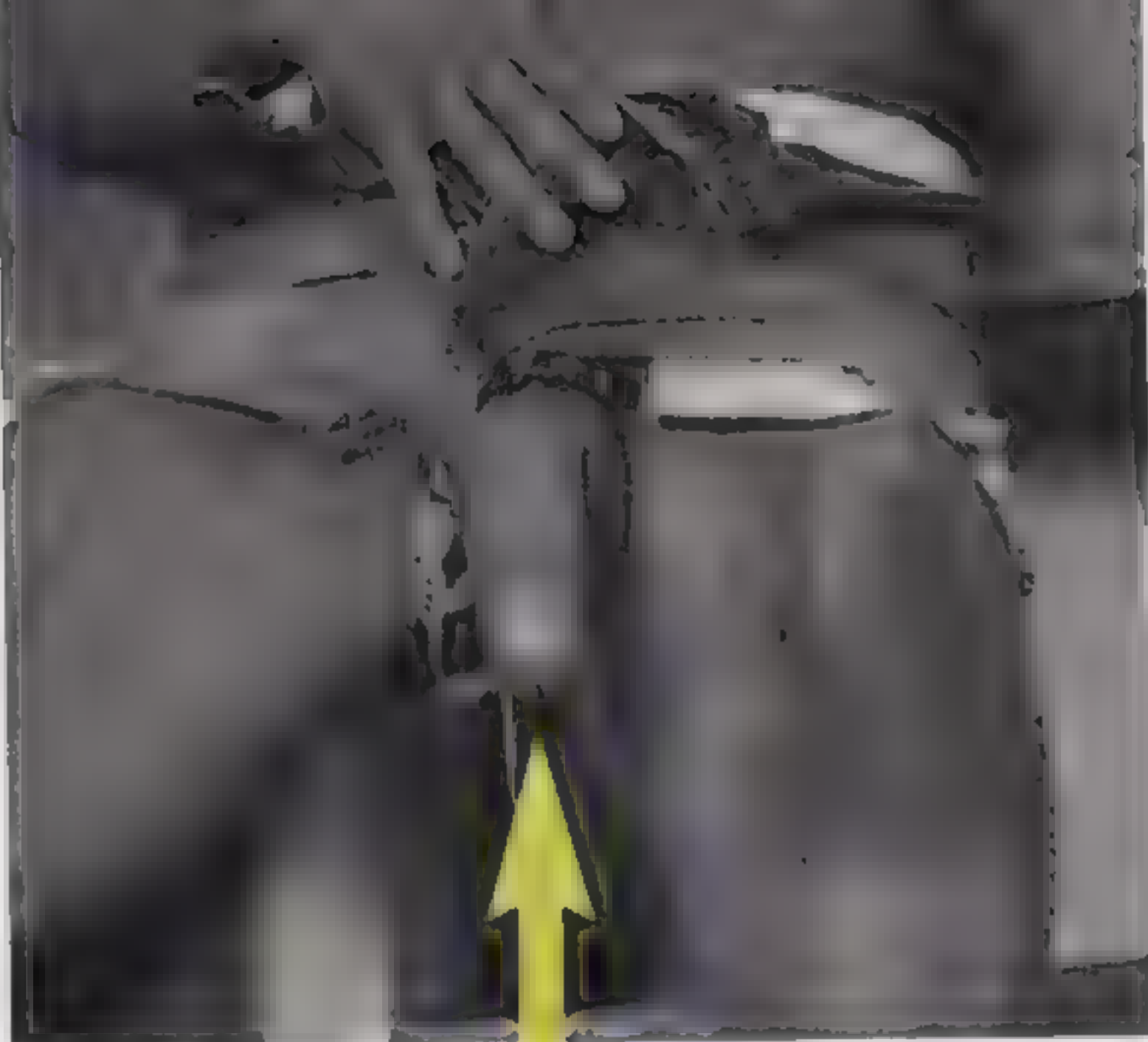


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THE INFORMER

An Ode To Cock and Ball Torture

BY FLEDERMALS

With a crash the door burst from its hinges, awakening the half-naked figure sleeping on a filthy bare mattress. Tony was instantly alert. He grabbed his boots and headed for the window as the three men came in through the doorway and swooped down upon him. A sudden sharp pain shot through his foot and for an instant he thought a bullet had hit him. But then he realized he'd heard no shot even though he'd seen guns in their hands. He lunged at the boarded up window, but the rotting wood held. As the three closed in on him, he clawed at the window casing, trying to escape.

He glanced down to see the blood streaming from the gash in his foot, a broken piece of a Ripple bottle (from some former inhabitant of the abandoned building) still stuck in the cut. As strong hands gripped his arms, he screamed in panic, frustration and pain.

He glanced down to see the blood oozing from the gash in his foot, a piece of a Ripple bottle (from the former inhabitant of the abandoned building) still stuck in the cut. As strong hands gripped his arms, he screamed in panic, frustration and

Each of the younger men gripped an arm and pressed his bare shoulders against the grimy wall. The older man leaped on his cigar and glared at his captive. "Where's de Silva?" he demanded.

"Who?" Tony asked.

The older man's fist buried itself in Tony's gut. "Don't give me any crap, Martinez. Just tell us where Chico de Silva is hiding out."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Tony replied. Again, a fist pounded into Tony's gut, followed by another that collided with his jaw and sent his head crashing back into the wall. "Don't play games with me, Spic! You know damned well what this is all about. Last night de Silva gunned down two police officers who stopped him for speeding. He's your best friend and this afternoon you were seen talking to him. You know where he is and you're going to tell me."

Tony clamped his jaws shut and looked defiantly at the police lieutenant. Then the rain of fists began again, snapping Tony's head back and forth. Blood trickled from his nose and the corner of his mouth. He struggled to free himself from the two young officers. Sweat streamed down his muscular, naked torso and soaked the tops of his tight Levi's. Red marks studded his broad chest and abdomen where Lt. O'Connel's ring gouged his flesh.

"Burn him, Lieutenant," said the officer holding Tony's left arm. "Burn the cocksucker!"

O'Connel puffed on his cigar until the tip glowed red. Then he pressed the burning end against Tony's left nipple. The acrid smell of singed hair filled the room, and Tony screamed as the hot embers seared his sensitive flesh. He flashed out with his feet and almost

caught his torturer in the crotch.

"Goddamn you, you filthy turd!" the lieutenant bellowed. He grabbed at Tony's belt, unfastened it and his Levi's, then pushed them down to his knees, drawing the belt tight to bind his victim's legs together.

"Christ!" said the patrolman holding Tony's right arm. "Look at the way that stud is hung!"

With his pants down around his knees, Tony's long, uncut cock swung free. An icy fear gripped his stomach as the lieutenant's hand closed around it.

"Tell me where he is, Martinez, or you'll never make another chick happy with this piece of meat."

"Chick, hell!" said the cop on Tony's left. "I'll bet he's queer as a three dollar bill. Probably the only place that cock has been is up de Silva's ass."

"I don't give a damn whose hole he used," the lieutenant said, alternately massaging gently then twisting and jerking viciously on Tony's dick. "I just know that if he wants to ram the thing into anybody again, he'd better start talking fast."

When Tony remained silent, O'Connel shoved back the foreskin of his captive's cock, revealing a red head encrusted with white, curdled cheese. As the glowing cigar tip approached his sensitive cockhead, Tony struggled wildly to escape. Then he screamed as fire touched his dick and he continued screaming as the lieutenant calmly, deliberately moved the glowing cigar until all surfaces of the pulsing cockhead had been seared.

When O'Connel finally pulled the extinguished cigar away from Tony's cock, the muscular young stud hung limply between his captors, his breath coming in short pants and tears of pain rolling down his cheeks.

O'Connel shifted his grip to Tony's scrotum and slowly began to increase pressure on the huge balls. "Where is he?" the lieutenant demanded.

"Oh, God, No, man! Please, not my nuts," Tony pleaded. "Tell us where he is," O'Connel said, twisting the Latin stud's scrotum. "Tell us or I'll twist

your fuckin' balls off."

"I can't," Tony pleaded, his voice filled with agony as the lieutenant continued to twist his sac. "I can't. They'll kill me."

You tell us, Spic, or we'll kill you!" O'Connel threatened, twisting the tortured scrotum again and giving a hard jerk downward.

Tony screamed a second time, then crumpled, his dead weight dragging

nuts as flat as a tortillas!"

"The bakery," Tony gasped. "The old boarded-up bakery over on Belmont. He's hiding in the basement." Then he screamed again in agony as O'Connel smashed his foot against his nuts, and again he blacked out.

"Let's go!" O'Connel ordered. "Flynn, handcuff him to that pipe. We'll come back for him later. Myers, get your cock back in your pants and let's go to

In their haste to get to the bakery, Flynn hadn't noticed how rusted the pipe was. Tony jerked his hands a few times and the rotted iron crumbled. With his hands still cuffed together, Tony pulled up his Levi's. As the tight material pressed against his battered testicles and seared cock, Tony's stomach churned and a stream of vomit erupted from his mouth. He pulled on his boots and picked up his shirt. But he realized that with his hands cuffed together, he couldn't put it on and tossed it into a corner.

With great difficult he staggered down the stairs and out into the night. From the end of the block, he looked back at the empty building just in time to see a police car stop and two men rush in. He turned into an alley and began to run. He managed to go two blocks before he felt the dizziness overcome him. He knew he couldn't continue and ducked into an old coal bin behind a tenement.

The first light of dawn streamed through cracks in the coal bin as Tony woke up. He struggled to his feet and peered out. The alley was deserted but soon it would be busy. He had to get the cuffs off before anyone saw him. He moved down the alley, then into the rear of an auto-repair garage. He'd worked for old man Morris fixing tires the year before and knew the rear win-

dow of the garage had no alarm. Quickly he broke a pane of glass, opened the window, and crawled in.

He headed around the beat-up cars and nearly slipped on the grease that always covered the floor. As he went past the wash sink he stared at the unfamiliar face in the mirror. His cheeks and lips and nose

were swollen and black from being beaten

At the workbench he found a hammer and after a long search in the dis-

"Christ...look at the way that stud is hung!"

him to the floor.

"Revive him!" O'Connel ordered.

The two patrolmen looked around then asked, "How? There's no water in this building.

"I don't give a damn how," the lieutenant responded. "Piss in his face if you can't think of anything else. Just wake him up.

"The young blond patrolman looked reluctant at first but then unzipped his pants, drew out his own long thin cock, and trained a stream of hot yellow piss on the unconscious man's face.

Tony coughed as the liquid splattered over him and he began to stir. When the piss water had taken effect, the two patrolmen were holding him pinned to the floor and O'Connel was pressing the heel of his boot into his exposed crotch.

As the boot pressed down on his tortured nuts, Tony whined, "No, please, no more."

"Where is he?" O'Connel said menacingly. "Tell me or I'll smash your

that bakery."

The world was swirling in red pain as Tony awoke. He lay on the debris-strewn floor, his pants sull around his knees, his hands cuffed together behind an old steampipe. Every portion of his body ached. He was torn



between trying to escape simply lying still to minimize his agony. In the distance he heard a siren and knew he had to go.

organized toolbox, he located a chisel.

He was so intent on cutting the chain holding his hands together that he didn't hear the guys approach from behind until he heard his name. Tony's heart jumped into his throat and he whirled around to face the voice.

"Oh, fellas! It's you," he said in relief. "I thought it was the pigs again. Here," he said holding out the hammer and chisel, "help me get these cuffs off."

bulge in his own crotch to protect it. "God, man, they did that to you? Juan, look at his balls!"

"I'm looking," Juan said. "But that don't change things. This shit ratted and Chico is dead. Chico was his leader, his friend, and his lover, and he handed him over to the pigs just to save his worthless balls. You all know the Lords' code. He squealed and he has to be punished. What shall it be?"

**"Oh, God.
No, man!
Please, not
my nuts."**

But the members of the Latin Lords just stared at him and made no move to help. Tony looked bewildered. "What's the matter, man? Come on, help me!"

"You talked to the pigs," the tallest of the youths said, his voice muted with rage. "You told them where Chico was."

"No," Tony began. "No, I didn't. They beat me but I didn't tell," he lied, fear fueling his voice.

"Don't lie to your brothers, amigo. You ratted and now Chico is dead. They snot him."

"Dead?" Tony said, stunned. "Juan, Pepe, fellas, don't look at me like that. They made me tell," he said, his hands flying to his belt and Levi's. "They turned my cock. They crushed my nuts. They said they'd flatten them if I didn't talk. See!" he said, cupping his bruised scrotum and blistered cock in his chained hands and holding them out for the others to see. Pepe looked at the tortured genitals and his face went white. Instinctively he cupped the

Mike licked his lips and touched the lump that was lengthening under his pant leg. "I think we should finish what the cops started," he said.

"Yeah," said Pedro eagerly, caressing the vise on the work bench. "Let's use this to crush his balls the rest of the way."

"No!" Tony screamed. "No! Please."

But they ignored his pleading and pounced upon him, forcing him down and passing his legs through his bound arms so his handcuffed wrists were trapped behind him. Then they lifted him so he sat on the counter with his scrotum dangling between the open jaws of the vise and tied his ankles together below the instrument.

He continued to scream and beg as Juan turned the handle, closing the steel jaws on the fragile sac. As the pressure increased, a stream of piss erupted from Tony's prick and sprayed Pedro.

"You bastard!" the slender youth shouted, snatching a rubber mallet from the work counter. "This will teach



you to piss on me," he said, slamming the mallet against the length of Tony's cock where it lay draped over the front of the vise.

Pain exploded in Tony's head as he screamed and the world went black. "He passed out," Juan said. "Pepe, get some water. I want him to be awake to feel his nuts pop."

"I read an article once," Mike said, "about a guy being tortured by Batista

crotch stretched but did not break. As his ass left the ground, his agonized screams became unintelligible animal sounds.

Mike whipped his own turgid cock out of his pants and began jerking off as he watched Tony's muscular, tortured body wriggle in agony. The other three did the same and as Tony's shoulder's left the floor, they each came, splattering his battered body

...his scrotum dangling between the open jaws of the vise...



before Castro took over. They strung him up by his nuts. I've always wanted to see a guy hanging like that.

"Okay," Juan said, releasing the jaws of the vise. "Let's use the chain hoist."

They carried him to the pool of oil on the floor and tied a strong rope from his nuts to the hook on the chain. Pepe emptied a bucket of water on Tony's prostate form and the tortured youth looked up at the chain attached to his balls and began screaming wildly.

He continued to shout and scream and cry and beg as the chain rose, pulling his body up after it. The rope dug deeply into his flesh and the thin band of skin between his balls and

with their cum.

Tony babbled incoherently, but did not pass out as Juan pulled a knife from his pocket and carved the Spanish word for "informer" into the white flesh of his ass.

Sirens sounded in the distance and came closer. "Let's split," Pepe said and they headed for the door.

"What about him?" Mike asked, pointing to Tony.

"Don't worry," Juan said, "he won't talk to anyone again!"

Fledermaus, aka Anthony de Blase, was publisher of International Drummer magazine from 1986-1993. "The Informer" is featured in the book "Flederfiction: Stories of Men and Torture" by Fledermaus. A Bad Boy Edition published by Masquerade Books, Inc., New York City. ©1995 Reprinted with permission.

Torture photos: Keith Reid gets worked on by Roger in Shotgun Video's 'Pleasure Torture'.



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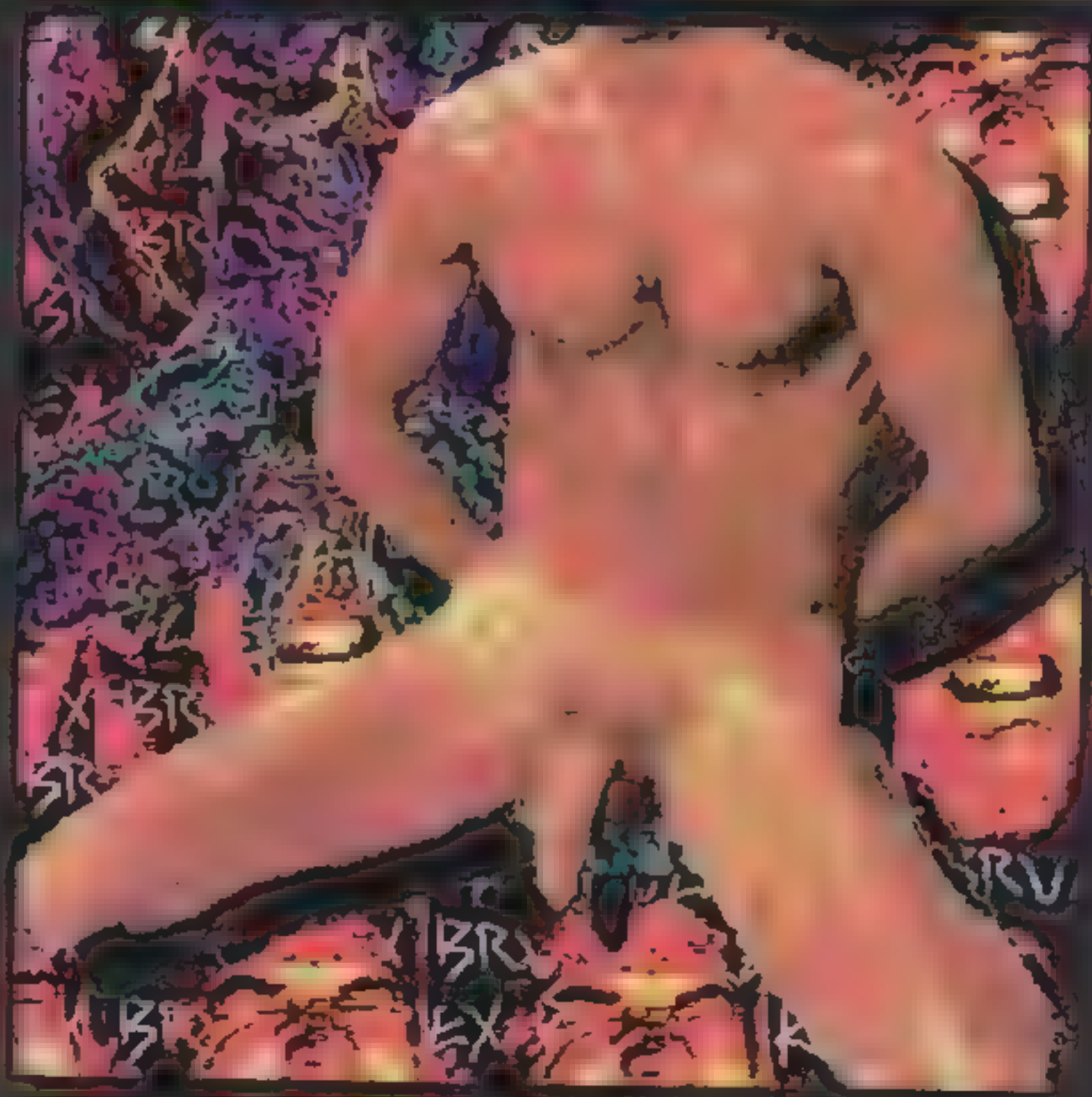
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HARRY CHES

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HARRY CHES

BY
A. JAY

PART TWO OF THE
DAREDEVIL
DOLL CAPER

THIS REVOLTING TALE OF TORTURE, INTRIGUE, ADVENTURE, MYSTERY, MAYHEM AND ALL AROUND NASTINESS STARTED IN THE JUNGLE HEAT OF LA TROTTS, MEXICO. REEL-TO-RAUNCH FILMS, INC. HEADED BY THE FAMOUS FORNPERSON, WAKEFUL PIDDLE - IS ON LOCATION SHOOTING THEIR BIG 40 MIL SUPERFLIC "FARTZON, THE FUNKY." ALL IS NOT WELL!! AMYLL ARMATIS ("B.O." TO HIS CLOSE CHUMS), AMERICA'S LATEST HOT PIECE OF MUSCULAR MACHO MEAT. FORMER LINE BAKER FOR THE SAUSALIDO SAUSAGES AND THE STAR OF THE FILM HAD SUDDENLY 'MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.' HARRY AND HIS FUGG TEAM - RANK DAGNEW AND MIKEY MUSCLE WERE HASTILY SUMMONED TO FUGG CENTRAL BY 'BIG F', FUGG'S HEAD CHEESE.

JUST BEFORE HIS SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE, "B.O." HAD STUMBLER ACROSS AN UNSAVORY DISCOVERY INVOLVING HARRY CHES'S OL' NEMESIS - LEWD LEATHER, NO LESS! FOUL PLAY IS SUSPECTED!

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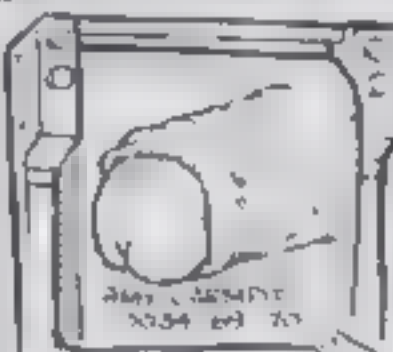
FUGG'S ULTRAVIOLET SECURITY CAMERA FLASHES AN ALL-CLAR AFTER SCANNING HARRY'S ID CARD

WHAT'S UP, BIG F?



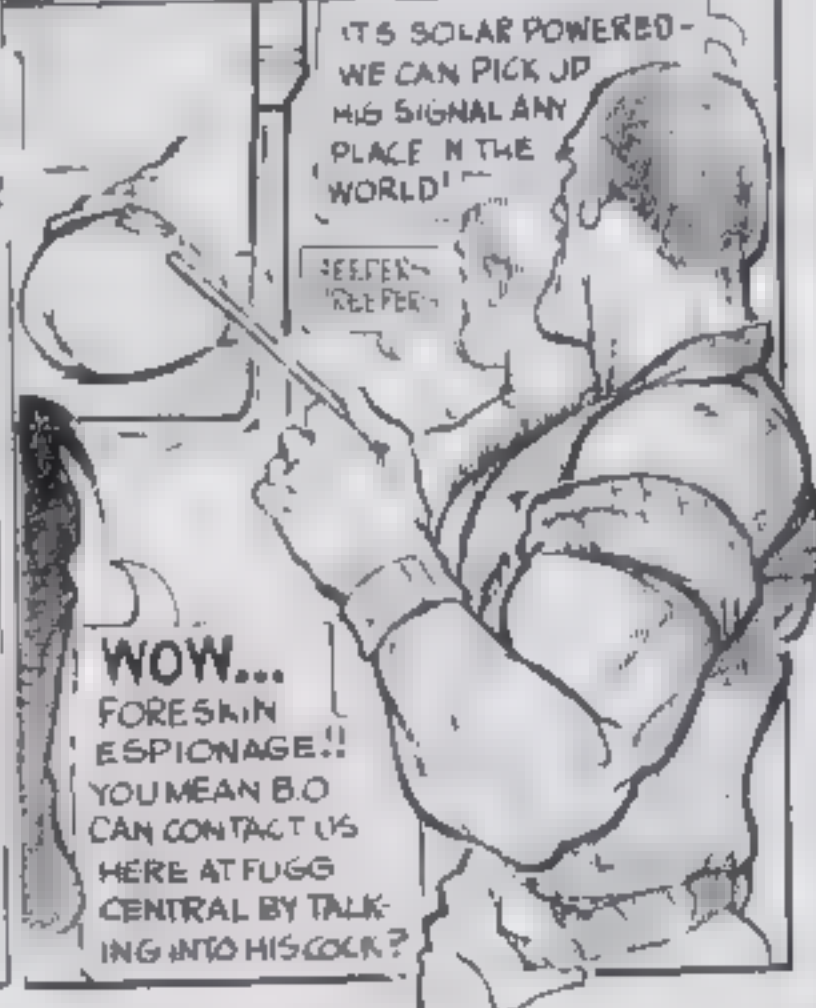
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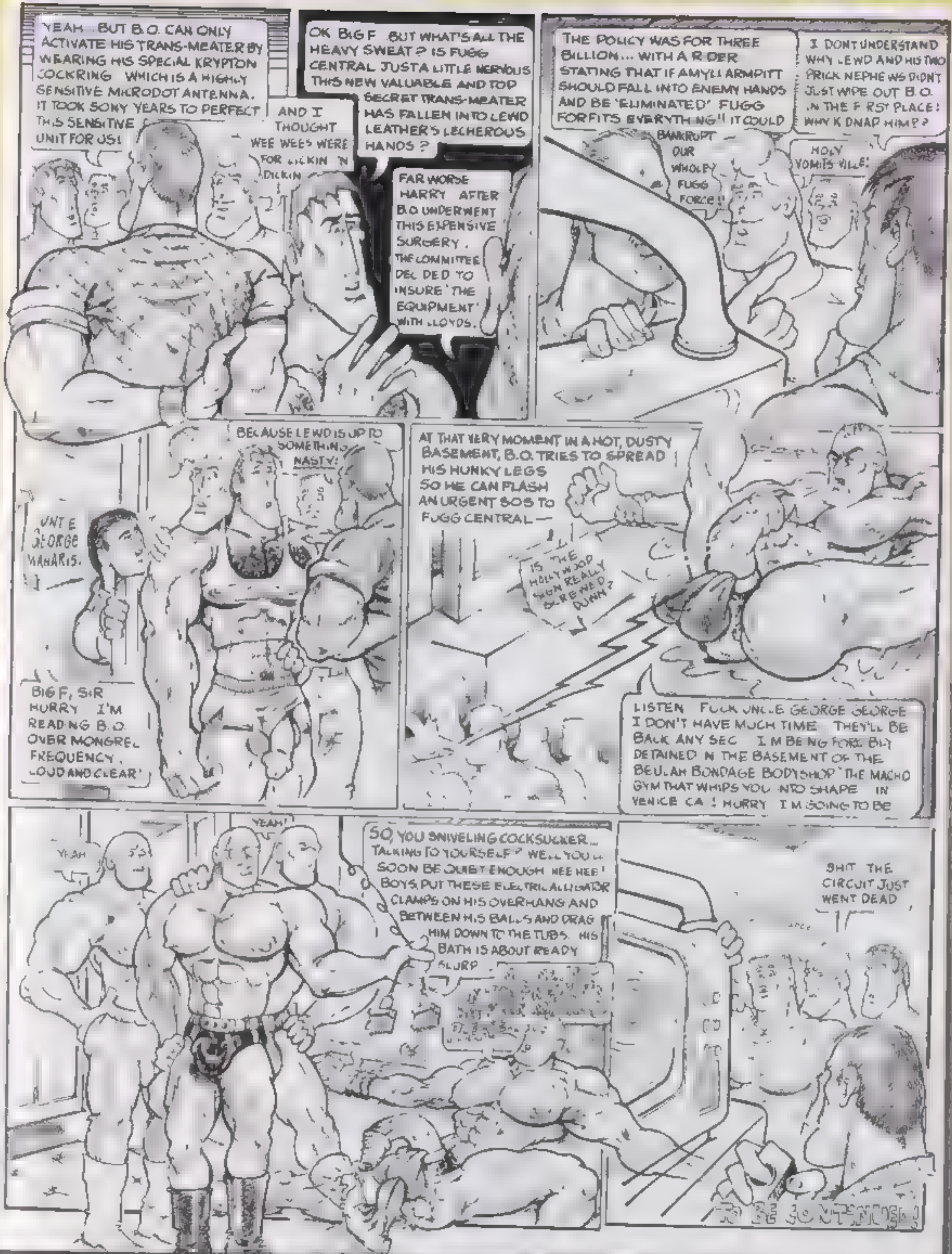
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SEEKING
SEEKING

HARRY CHES



KANGAROO



CRUISING FOR HORNY MOTORCYCLE COPS

STORY BY VICTOR TERRY • PHOTOS BY JIM WIGLER

The cool winds blowing from the Bear River Divide had chilled Uinta County abruptly when the sun went down. The warmth from the flames dancing in the fireplace felt good in the chilly Wyoming night.

"You want another beer, Sir?"

Red nodded. "Yep."

"I'll get it, Sir." Toby struggled to his feet and went into the kitchen, his steps hampered by the chain that joined his ankles. His arms were pinioned above his elbows by leather straps joined by a chain across his back. The firelight gleamed on his naked body, hairless now and marked on his back and ass where the leather strap had struck.

Toby was restless, Red realized. Beyond his normal attentiveness, something was bothering him.

When he returned with the beer can, his not-hard-not-soft dick swaying, he handed it to the red-head seated on the couch and returned to his position, sitting on the floor between the redhead's spread legs, his head resting against the loose-hanging long cock and balls and their silky red hairs. He turned his head and kissed one hairy leg, the firelight made Red's crotch hairs seem even redder.

After drinking, Red leaned forward and put the can to Toby's lips. Toby drank eagerly. "Thank you, Sir," Toby said, "That's almost as good as gettin' it secondhand from your cock." He leaned back against Red.

"You'll get it then, too, before we go to bed."

"Yes, Sir." Toby said as he licked his lips.

Toby fidgeted between Red's legs. "I got somethin' to tell you, Sir," Toby said finally.

"I know."

"Wha-- How d'ya--?"

"I know you pretty well, now, boy. I know when somethin's on your mind. Ain't no one else told me. Spill it!"

Red caressed the silky blond head between his legs.

Toby shifted position so his head, in profile to Red, rested on Red's lower thigh. He was still nestled between Red's legs.

"Last night I stopped at the rest area on Highway 80, goin' toward Evanston, near the Piedmont Road. Sir, if you lived with me, or me with you, I wouldn't be tempted to go to places like that."

"The hell you wouldn't be tempted—" Red rumped Toby's silky hair.

"Well, maybe so. But I wouldn't do anythin' about it, you'd keep me so busy suckin' your cock and gettin' fucked and tied down to your rack. God, I hate it when I don't spend the night with you."

"I understand. Maybe, one day... Finish your story."

"Well, I stopped at the rest area last night. 'Bout midnight, I guess. I met a guy there. We bullshitted a while and then made it in the bushes. He was turned on to my leather chaps, and I think he'd be a good one for you to break in, Sir."

"Course, you only had my interests at heart when he fucked you." Red couldn't keep the smile out of his voice.

"Actually, I fucked him, but, yes, Sir, I did it only for you." He grinned. "I got his name and phone number for you. He's anxious to meet you, Sir. Hot. I tied his wrists with his belt, and after I fucked him,

played with his nipples some more, and he got all excited all over again and he sucked my cock, and--All that ain't important now, Sir. I want to tell you the rest. We came out of the bushes and I was just gettin' to my Harley when a smokey cruiser pulled in. Well, shit, that warn't surprisin'; smokies patrol that place regular. The smokey pulled into a parkin' space, and ever'body there took off. I was farthest from the entrance, so I was the last one out. The smokey followed me to the road, which was normal 'cause there's only that one way to take to the

road. But, then, Red"—Toby turned so that he was facing his Master—"Red, he followed me home. The fuckin' smokey followed all the way home, here to Fort Bridger."

Toby's house was on the sparsely populated outskirts of Fort Bridger, between the town and the Fort Bridger Historic Site.

"No shit!"

"No shit! I put the bike in the garage and went inside, took off my chaps and shirt. Couple of minutes

later, I looked out the front window, and smokey's still there, but blinkin' his tail lights. So I went outside to see what would happen and dumped some chemicals in the swimmin' pool as an excuse. I couldn't see if there was one or two smokies in the patrol car, so I went in to that clump of woods next to my house to wait for car lights to shine inside."

"That's damn dangerous, foolin' around with smokies."

"Yep. I know, and you know I



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know. Well, the lights come on, and when I saw there was but one smokey, I went over to talk. I was curious. You know. The smokey asked if he didn't just see me leave the rest area. Well, hell, I know he had, and he hadn't seem me with that blond or doin' anything illegal. Anyway, there's no law against bein in the rest area, so I admitted it. Then the smokey gets out of the car and comes toward me." Toby's dick thickened and lengthened. "I went to meet him, and I noticed somethin'. The ID on the car door said it was from Bison Township, and the patch on the smokey's shirt said Bison Township, too. But the rest area and Fort Bridger ain't in Bison Township at all. The fuckin' smokey was out of his jurisdiction!" Toby's dick slowly gathered blood.

"What the hell? You sure it was Bison?" Toby nodded. "I wonder if

it--Go on."

"Well, the smokey said he knew why I was in the park, and 'fore I could say anythin', he said he surely could use a good blowjob 'cause his wife has just had a baby and he hadn't had any sex for five weeks, and since that was why I was in the rest area anyway.

"Goddammit!" Red snarled. "I bet I know--Go on. What the fuck happened next?"

"Tellin' you s givin' me a hard-on."

"So I see."

They both looked at the stiff, pulsing prick.

"He was a good-lookin' smokey, dark hair, with hair curlin' over the top of his T-shirt. My height, bit heavier, I guess. I never did see him naked. Shit, I said, he had me all wrong. I had just stopped at that area to piss. And that was true, Red

I did stop there to piss. All the action with the blond was seren--seren--that word you told me that I can't remember."

"Serendipity."

"Yep Serendipity. Well, he laughed when I said I'd stopped there to piss and spun me around and put handcuffs on me and marched me into the house and shoved me down to my knees and made me such h.m off."

Red slammed one fist into the other palm. "Goddammit!" he roared, standing, spilling Toby to the floor on his back. "God dammit!" He stood in a fury over his sprawled slave. "Who-who the fuck--who the fuck was it?" And then he ripped off my Levi's and fucked me. Toby's cock stood tall.

Red dropped to his knees, straddling Toby, his heavy balls brushing Toby's newly shaved chest, his thick, uncut dick arching toward Toby's eager mouth.

"He got a mighty thick cock, Red."

"You makin' this up?"

"Shit, no!"

"He told me he'd be back. He told me I'd be takin' care of him from now on, regular-like, everything Tuesday night. Last night was Tuesday. I was his Tuesday-night cocksucker, he said. His Tuesday-night faggot hole, he said. His Tuesday-night whore. And I'd better be there when he blinked his light, he said, or else. He really said that, Sir--'or else,' just like in the movies. And I'd better keep my mouth shut, he said, or else. Then he took off the handcuffs and went outside and drove away."

Red sat back, resting on Toby's chest. Toby's cock, stiff over his belly, grazed Red's asscrack.

The smokey's name was on his me tag, Sir, I read it."

Curly Ross," Red predicted with certainty.

"The tag said R. Ross."

"The R is for Roger. Roger Rivers. Curly Ross. I knew it! With

the Bison Township station of the highway patrol."

Evanston. Curly Ross ain't married. Good lookin'. Sonofabitch! He's a goddamn mother-fuckin' bastard! I don't know anyone in Bison who likes him. You ain't the first. And he's done some other things you don't know about. The shithead! Goin' out of his jurisdiction, takin' advantage of his uniform, usin' people, always talkin' 'bout how gays should be put in prison and the key thrown away. Hypocrite! And doin' other things I ain't goin' to tell you 'bout. Shit! But we've never had proof--nobody's ever made a formal complaint, ever done anythin'. No proof. The fucker always makes sure there's no proof--just his victim's word against his. Shit! It's always a one-on-one encounter. Smokey Ross and his victim."

"He ain't a good cop."

"He ain't a good cop! He shouldn't be allowed to wear the uniform or get paid by the taxpayers or Shit! Thinkin' with his cock instead of his brains. Shit!"

"He's a closet queer," Toby said.

That cocksucker needs to be taught a lesson. Speakin' of cocksucker. Sir, my mouth's empty, just waitin' to be filled, and I'm right under you. Sir. Please, Sir, let me suck your cock."

Red gave Toby a cold hard look. Toby shivered. Red nodded, the cold look going. "Sure. Sure you c'n suck my cock." He smiled. "You just did me a favor, boy; you've given me an idea. Sure, you c'n suck my cock. But first, I reckon I'd better discipline you for fuckin' without permission."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you. Sir. Anythin' you say, Sir."

Red reached for his belt and tit-clamps.

Kangaroo is from the anthology "WHIPs" by Victor Terry, originally published by Larry Townsend. A new edition is available from Masquerade Books, Inc., New York City. ©1995.

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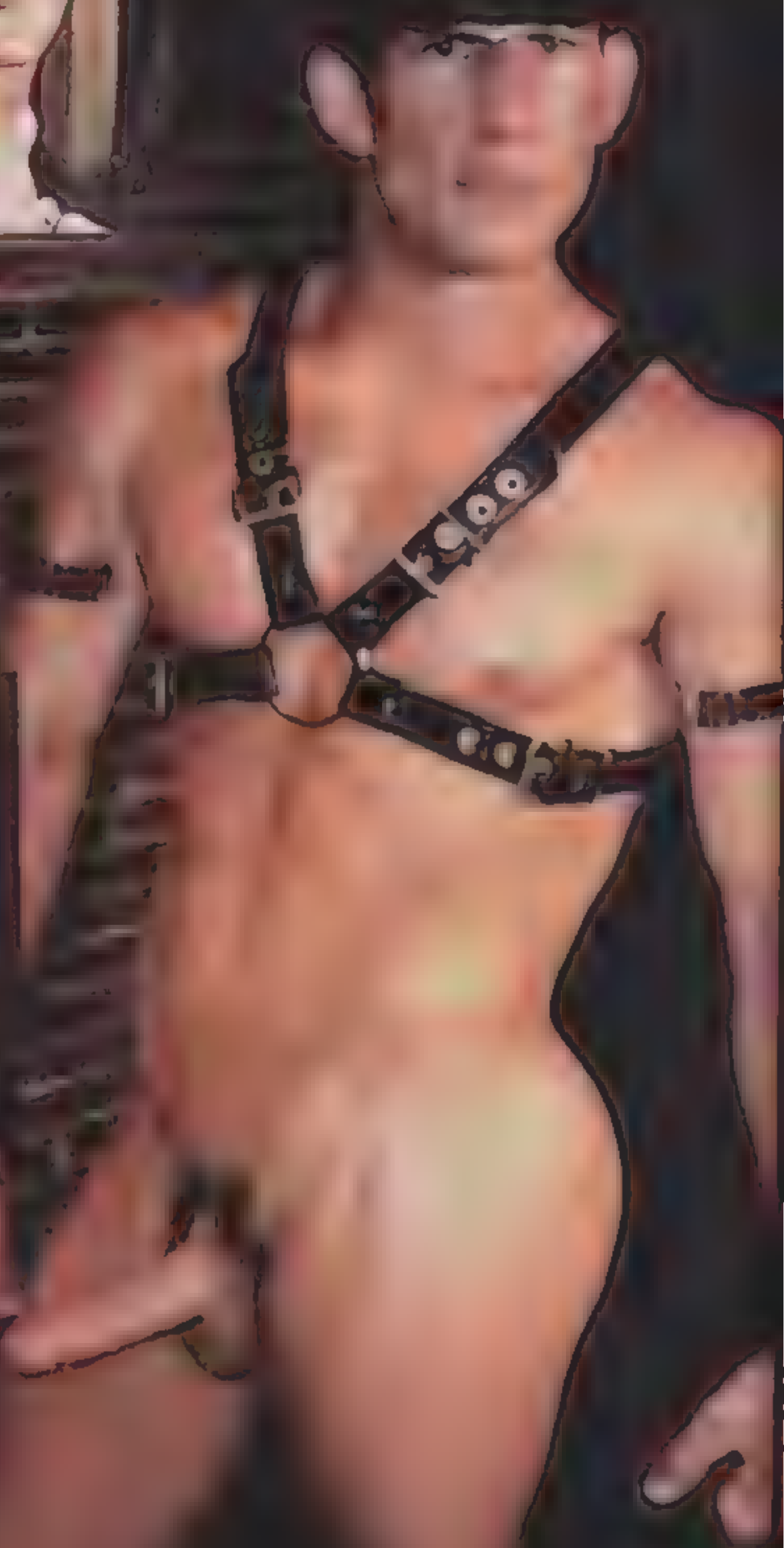
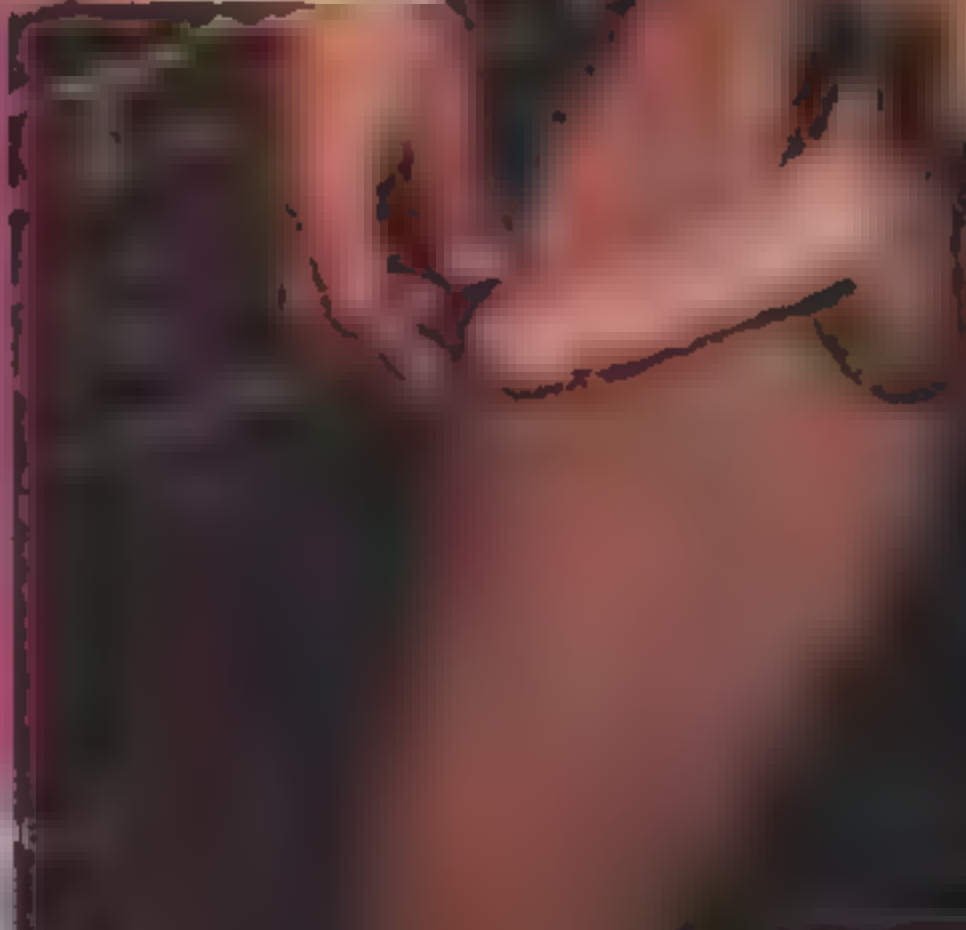
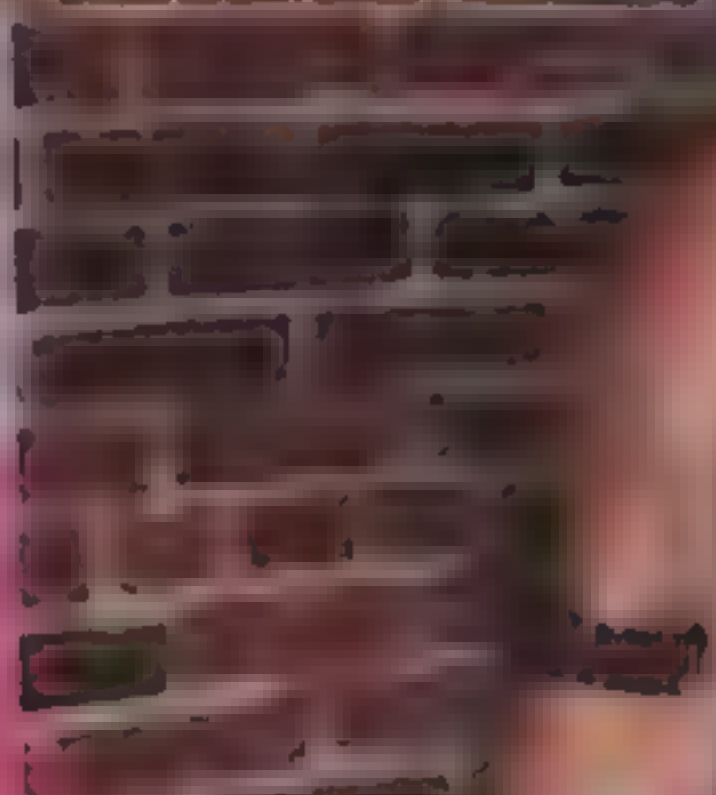
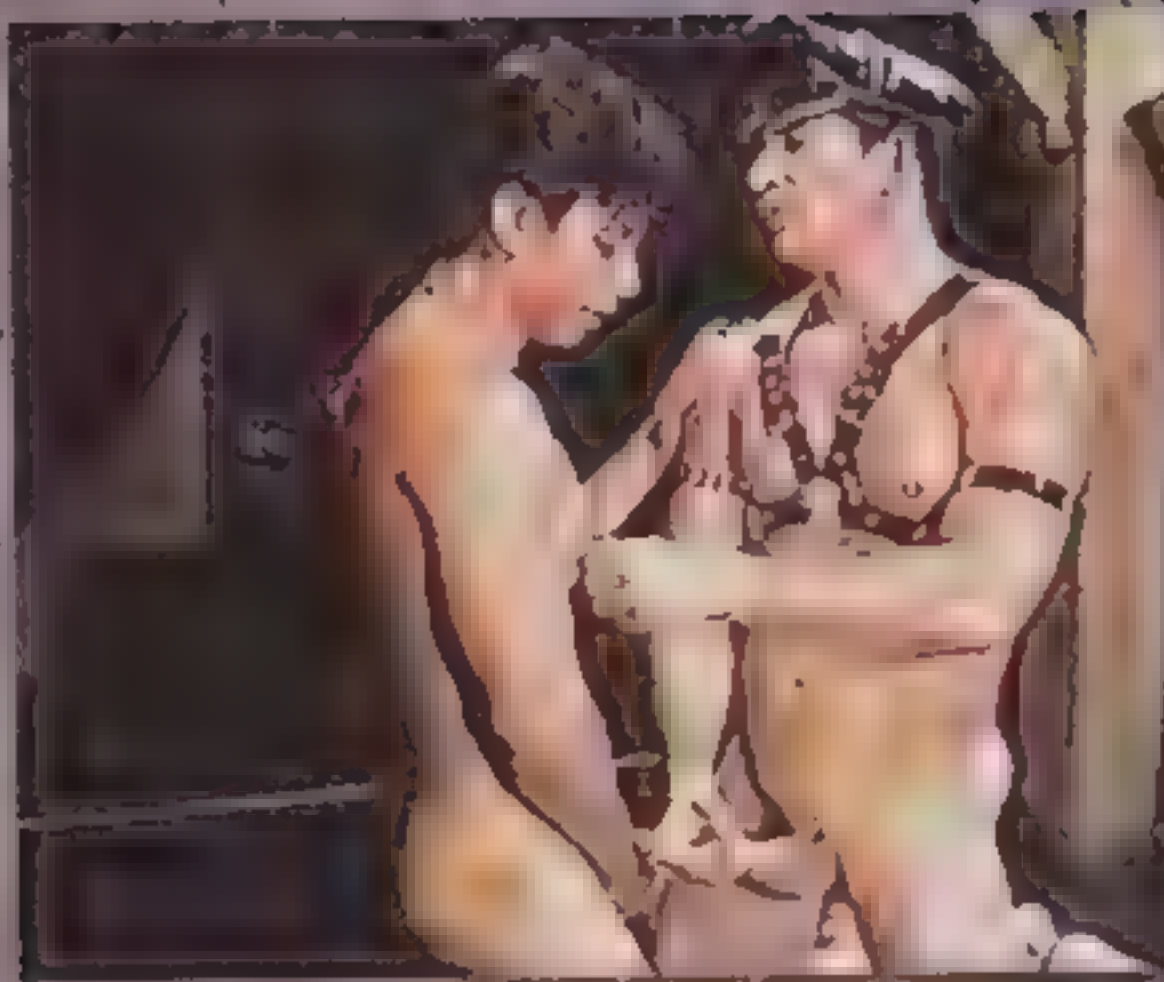
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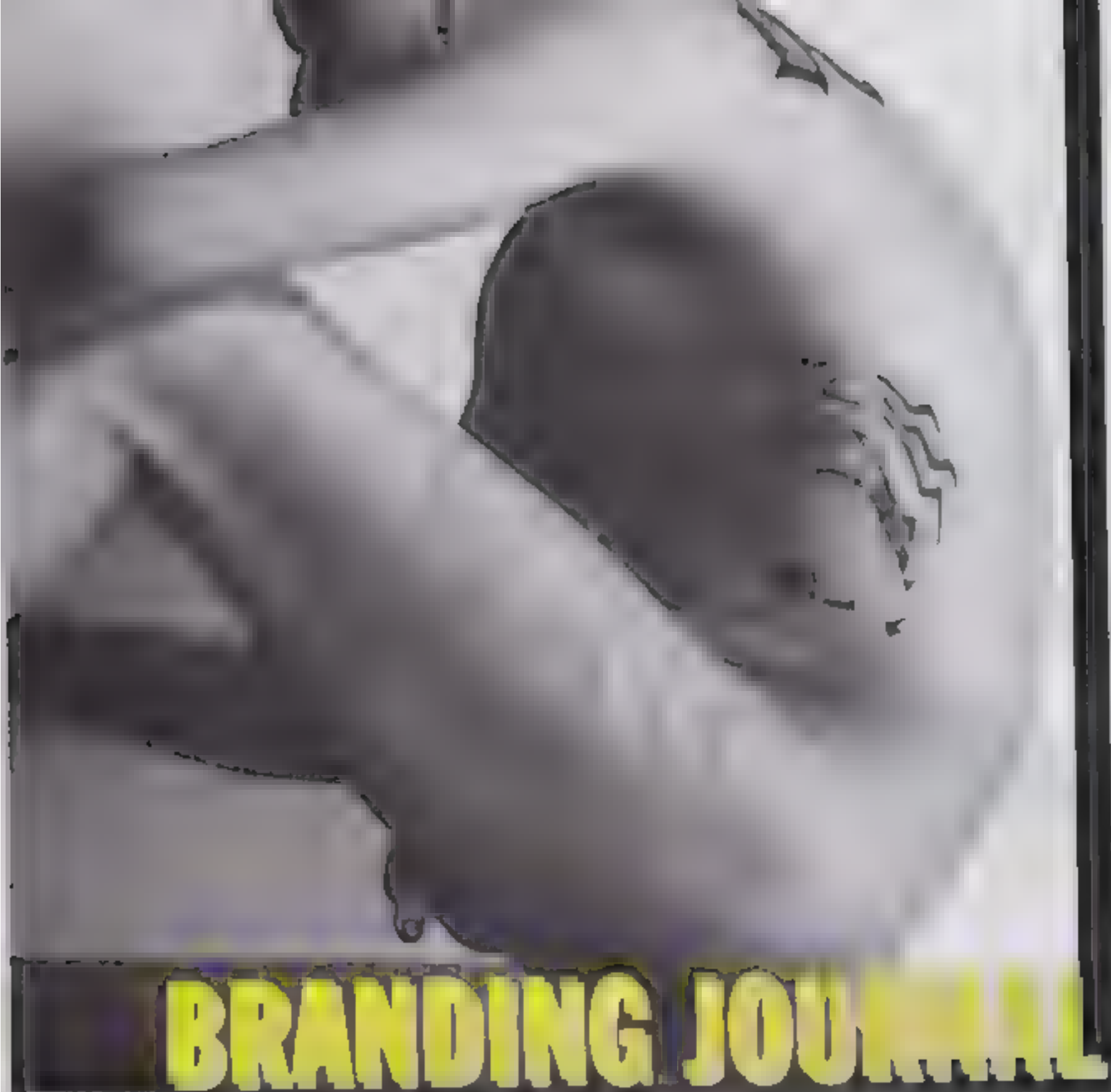
Leather Dream



Photos courtesy of
Close-Up Productions
from the video
Alex's Leather Dream







BRANDING JOURNAL

STORY BY CORNELIUS CONBOY

Photo by Paul Anderson

One month ago my number one boy asked me if I would mark him permanently. After much thought, I've agreed. I've set the date for three weeks from now.

The anticipation of the branding is making the boy insatiable. Last night's sex was an over the top power exchange which I've fantasized about but rarely achieved. I have a new element of play with my boy. Once his hungry ass has been opened and I have entered him fully with my hand, I press my fingers against the inside wall of his butt and trace the brand inside him. When the moment comes for the red hot iron on his quivering flesh he will feel it this deep. My boy has asked that the first thing he feels on his flesh after the iron is my cum.

In three days I will be attending a workshop on branding being held in a de-commissioned army barracks. A friend also sent an in depth magazine article that has proved invaluable. On-line I've talked with a New Yorker who was branded six years ago. Others in my life have offered their experiences, both good and bad, on the subject.

Last night while my hand was deep within my boy's ass I decided that I would apply the iron with my left hand - but I will keep my right fist deep inside his body.

The branding iron is completed. I will brand the boy tomorrow evening.

I will do the brand in two strikes. Eleven guests have been invited. At least two are skilled with a whip. The boy's back side will be red hot before a torch ever gets near metal.

I don't know where to begin. The night of the branding exceeded my wildest fantasies. Saturday afternoon, Uzi the first of my guests, arrived from New York. An old friend he is also a filmmaker whose work I have long admired. I am honored that he could share the ceremony with me. I look at the assembled guests. Each brings a distinct energy.

Throughout the day and evening my boy drifts as though in a trance-like state. Earlier in the day he presented me with a gift. I opened it and discovered a leather hat, its brim as polished as mirror. I have chosen to wear it this evening. Finally 11:00 PM arrives. At this point I take the boy into the back room. There he strips down to his boots and I lock the jeweled collar around his neck.

I go out to see how things are progressing and find the entire party preparing the dungeon. The sling is hung as I instructed, the flogging post is cleared and there is much debate over the height for the stocks. I move through the room, picking up the floggers and the cats, laying them out near the whipping post, arranging the candles, double checking that all restraints are in good condition.

At last I am satisfied. I go into the back where my boy is waiting. He is trembling in terror. His body seems to instinctively know that the journey it is embarking on will test it beyond any known physical limits. I lead him outside to where the guests are sitting. I thank my friends for coming tonight to help with my ritual. I tell my boy that soon he will be wearing my mark, a mark which will be with him forever.

I lead him to the flogging post. Slowly, deliberately, I fasten restraints first around his wrists and then around the pillar. I buckle other restraints around his ankles and connect them with a chain. Finally I

bring out the blindfold. Made of black leather, it slips smoothly over his head.

Slowly I lift the flogger over his head, its leather tails cascade down over his shoulders and lower back. I caress his body with my whip and let him get the feel of each pointed strip of leather. Gradually I settle into a rhythm and increase the force, bringing my arm down over my head. I hear the cadence of each successive strike on his body. The cat dances up and down his back, from shoulders to butt. I pay special attention to the right ass cheek, where our mark will be placed. Steadily the rhythm increases. The force behind each stroke grows in intensity. I shift speed and my flogger becomes an extension of my arm. With each blow I transfer my energy to the boy.

I pick up a second whip which consists of a dozen rawhide strips woven together at one end to form a handle. At the end of each strip are fastened sharp metal spikes. I proceed with the whipping. I lose track of time. The boy, whose ass is now deep red and covered in welts, has stopped screaming and now emits only an occasional "Thank you sir."

Others take their turn now. Steve is well known for his skill with the whip. He uses a leather slapper. With permission, Steve moves on to my flogger. I am surprised to see the flogger in someone else's hand. His style is different from mine: side strokes, rather than my over-the-head motions. Steve is now taunting the boy: "Show me how much you can take, boy, so that when that red hot metal comes down on you you can take it! Show me how strong you are, boy! Show me!"

It is time to let the boy down. Pressing my body against his, I slowly undo his wrist restraints and hold him as he collapses against the whipping post. I removed the chains from his ankles, lift him up and press him against another pillar.

I turn on the torch. The boy is turned around with his back to the pillar. His wrists are locked with handcuffs. Again chains surround his ankles, fastening him securely.

I heat the iron. The hissing sound fills the room. The iron takes on a glow of its own, its pure heat shining throughout the darkened room. Slowly I remove the branding iron from the heat and bring it toward the boy's immobilized body. He is now incapable of escape. I comb his pubic hair with the glowing wand. The smell of burning hair fills the room. Holding back from touching the brand to his flesh, I again stroke his pubic hair and singe the curly mass right above his dick. I hear his breathing become shorter, his dick now stands out rigidly from his body. Using the iron, I slowly burn off the rest of his pubic hair.

Now he is led to the sling by my guests. I watch as he is strapped into place. I take this moment to compose myself. Walking to the table I handle and examine everything: the torch, which has proved its efficiency and the iron, which now rests on its side. Rubber gloves are in place next to a new jar of Crisco. We are ready.

By now the boy is secured and surrounded by our guests. His hungry ass faces me. I lube up my hands, then first press one, then the other, against his waiting hole. Slowly, I let him pull me inside his ass, first one finger, then two, then three. I work my fingers in and out, back and forth, my thumbs pressing above his balls from the outside. My fingers work the internal muscles they know so well. With each caress the boy rocks slowly in the sling. I am pulled further inside him, now four fingers, now six. With parts of both hands inside him I now stretch him wide.

Recklessly I stroke his sphincter, urging it to open up. With four fingers from each hand inside him now, I rotate slowly, rocking the

hole back and forth, readying it for the final thrust. His sphincter hugs my wrist and I hold it in place. I feel his pulse surround my wrist. His heartbeat pounds steadily against my arm.

My fingers trace the pattern of the brand from the inside. I nod to a slave who ignites the torch. He holds the iron over its heat. It begins to glow red-hot. Our guests gather closer and they hold down the boy. 18 hands are on his body.

I didn't hear him scream. What I remember was his sudden bucking up, his body's involuntary reaction when flesh met the red-hot metal. The first strike slid for an instant until I exerted more pressure and held it on him, letting my arm and the iron follow the movement of his body. I removed the iron and dropped back, little expecting how drained I would be. I saw the mark clearly burnt into his body. There was also a shadow strike, much lighter but there nonetheless. I direct my guests to hold the boy more securely. I look over at my boy who by now is in a trance-like state. Again the steel glows red, again I take it in my hand and calmly make the second strike. Securely held down, his only movement is a clenching of his teeth onto the handle of my flogger which was placed in his mouth.

It is done. Using the chains that hold the harness for support, I pull myself up. I walk around to where the boy lies, rocking slowly. I reach out and wrap my arms around the boy and reassure him. At last I am aware of my own breathing.

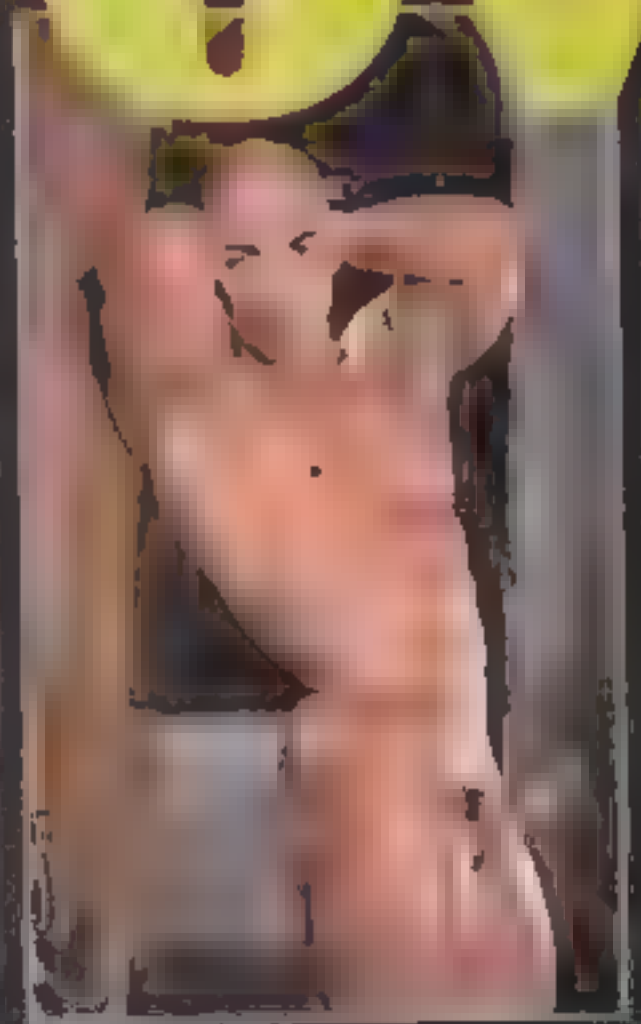
The rest of the night, which was filled with group sex, is a blur. All I know is that when at last I ejaculated it was directly onto the brand. ■

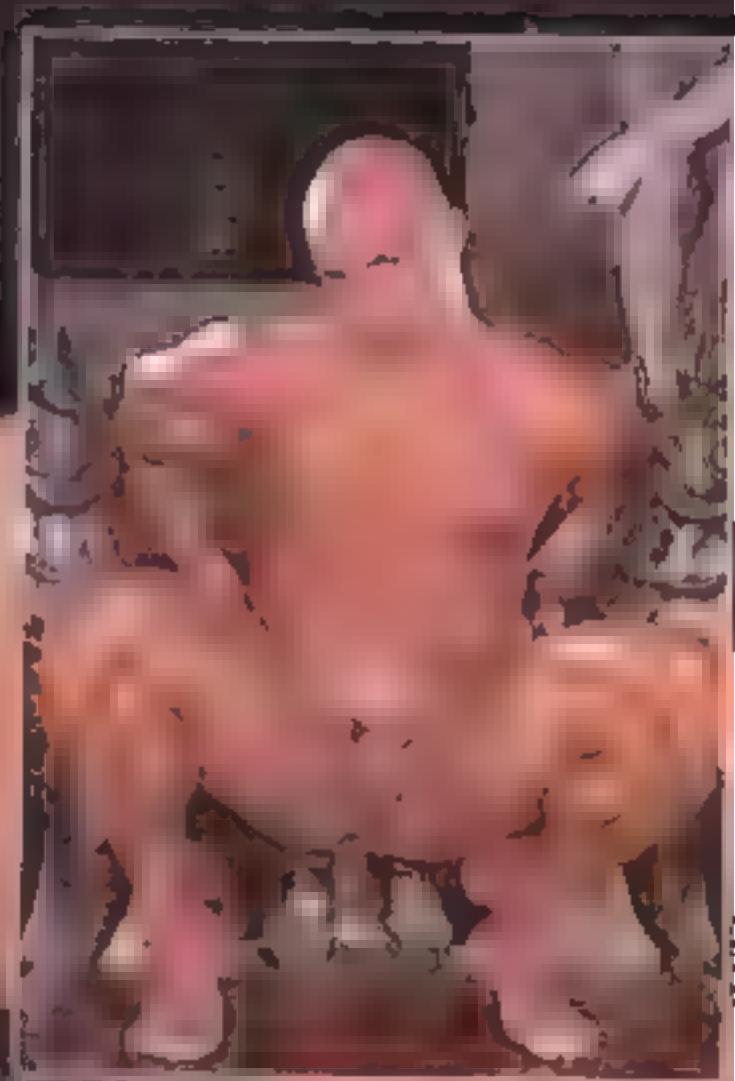
Cornelius Conboy is San Francisco Leather Daddy No. 13.



Smooth All Over

photos by Christian Bjorn





shaved and ready for action

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A DIPLOMATIC CORPS

Ever the good diplomat and Marine,
I try to make the new men feel welcome,
even if it means inviting them to my room
for a short, cool drink and a long hot fuck.

by 1st Lt. Rick Jackson, USMC



When most civilians think of Marines, they picture us charging ashore on Guadalcanal or up Pork Chop Hill. Sometimes they have the idea we spend our duty time standing in front of the White House or Marine One looking pretty, but doing very little of substance. The truth, as always, lies somewhere in between. Given the choice between throwing myself onto the battlefield and standing around working hard to look nice, you can call me pret-

ty boy anytime. Even in the rear. Marines can make a real difference. I think my duty bullet during the Gulf War is a good illustration of what I mean.

While my brothers in the Corps were sweating their asses off in the Saudi desert, I was stationed at the U.S. embassy in Bahrain. Because the Administrative Support Unit in Bahrain is also the headquarters of the South West Asia Command, my job involved a lot of fairly significant contributions to the national defense of Kuwait as well as air-conditioned duty with a weight room, two pools, and four separate bars. ASU and the embassy are both hidden away in a residential neighborhood called Juffair, presumably to confuse terrorists into thinking the compounds are kindergartens. Most other countries have big, flashy embassies in the Diplomatic Quarter or along the coast road downtown. Western diplomatic staff sometimes showed up in our weight room at ASU or stretched out around one of our pools. Ever the good diplomat and Marine, I tried to make them feel welcome, even if it meant inviting them back to my room for a short, cool drink and a little fuck.

I'd seen Jean Pierre around before. He was hard to miss. One day around Christmas as the political situation was heating up, I stopped to check him out in the weight room and liked what I saw. We worked out together and ambled into the shower, talking about international relations and other affairs of the day. Once he was naked and soapy, I checked him out again and invited him back to my room at the Gulf Hotel. Since then, the government has built a military residential facility (called a BOQ), but until '93, the U.S. spent huge sums renting hotel rooms around town. I liked the hotel arrangement. In the new BOQ at Manai Plaza, you can't make a guy howl too loud or you'll attract a crowd. Hotel rooms in the Gulf are well enough insulated that you could hump virgin camel tripers without anyone noticing except the bellboys—but how I kept the bellboys

happy is another day's story.

I won't bother you with the line I laid out. If you've been in the service, you already know the line. "Are you married? It must be hard to be here without access to women! We have to make do." By the time we were finished with our first beers, my palms were coasting across JP's T-shirt clad pecs to encourage him rapidly rising tits—and his paw was wrapped hard around my basket.



he gave me a long, slow smile and said, "I hear American Marines like to be hard fucked. What do you think?"

Still the diplomat, I pretended to misunderstand, telling him I didn't think that was true. Most of my buddies do, of course, but since I'm a top, that's as it should be. I certainly wasn't going to let some frog civilian tarnish the Corps' good name, however fucking hot he was. We went back and forth, each trying to cap on the other. I explained that everyone knew Frenchmen were always getting queens; he came back with the news that Marines would know what to do if they stumbled across a real man. The more shit we talked, the longer our dicks stood until we both knew no sperm would leave the boat unpreserved.

Given the shape I was in and the fact I had paid to kill foreigners for a living, I was surprised—and obviously excited—when he started playing rough. I was nothing better than a good fighter, and I let myself get into the mood. JP came at me, trying to pin me to the bed so he could sink his tongue down my throat. Every bastard ought to have known better—perhaps he did and just wasn't taking hard. In any event, I let him have his way with me for a brief moment, just to make him overconfident, you understand. Then I reversed and ripped the shirt from his chest, hooked a foot under his shorts to pull them down. Once the battle was won, we wrestled like Greek Olympians, baby with much the same prize in

admiration for his muscular ass and the balls squeezed out between his legs and clenched tight.

His ass crack was so sweaty that

HIS ASS CRACK WAS SO SWEATY THAT EVEN MY THICK NINE INCHES HAD NO PROBLEM PRYING HIM WIDE.

My thick nine inches had no problem prying him wide. He said something in French and tried to get me to stop, but I kept on to throw my body against him, backing his tail up to the wall and as I slammed it against his ass crack.

It was not a good lover, but he was a good fuck. He howled like a trucker and regiment facing a pay cut and pulled the deck in mock fury. As he called me every insulting English name he knew, he pushed and I added his heavy arms to everything that would help me get him. I had him pinned to the wall, the bed. We both knew he was exactly where he wanted to be. Once my throbbing dick was pushing through his tight fanny and twisting up into his guts, I pressed my back to the side of his back and tilted my body far enough off that I had a good view of the action.

I hadn't noticed in the weight room

how well-defined JP's back and I

another down to a waist dwarfed the huge mounds of firm, flexing muscle I was busy spearing with all martial might. I've always gotten off watching my thick dick slam in and out of another man's ass hole, but the view down JP's ass crack was a special rush—because I'd won him by brute strength and seasoned skill, because he was the single most gorgeous thing I'd done in months, because his ass responded like a Stradivarius to every stroke of my bow, and, yes, because I'd fallen in love with his

once he had a butt load of my sweet creme-de-manne in him. I would show him how well a man could take what he dished out.

As I watched my swollen shank pound its smacking, slurping way through that eager French fuck hole, I gave him my full repertoire of strokes and angles and cadences. JP met every change in the program with a tightly clenched hole, slick guts that rippled along my rod, and a greedy wriggle of his ass against my hips to breed deep-seated satisfaction. There were plenty of brutish growling howls and insults to my manhood, doubtless designed to make me use him all the harder, but I'd tucked so far into his French diplomatic channel that his every *cri de coeur* was Greek to me.

Once we were bucking together so fast that my bone was a mere blur of motion, I eased my hands off his hips to give him more room to meet my onslaught. My right elbow snaked around his neck and pulled his head back towards me so I could tongue-fuck his ear, or nip at his neck. That brought him up off the deck enough for me to slam his body up onto my bed—both to spare my knees a bit and to use the mirrors along the wall. If anything, the rabid look of sheer animal pleasure on his face as I rode him ragged was even finer than the sight of my bone

for about ten minutes, JP began to give him a long since crashed to the ground, overturned tables and chairs were both sweaty enough to be slippery, but eager enough to be used. JP told me he had me at last. I reversed out of his Nelson and pinned the bastard to the deck, pinning him face-down and vulnerable as only in a gunny's shower. After ten or so sweaty minutes of rolling about, a blond Galic stud like JP, I had trouble putting my Marine "unit" action. I kicked my leg over JP's and took the briefest of seconds to



reaming his studly, shuddering roar. His blue eyes shone like reflected beacons of satisfied lust, his long pointed hair hung in sweat-matted tatters over his strong brow, and the full lips that had tried to kiss me were stretched wide in the most primitive, most abject, most sublime possible form of agony.

I kicked his thighs wider to give myself more room to roam and reached forward for a fistful of hair. As I roughly jerked it backwards, his chest rose in reflected glory, strong and broad, glistening with well-earned sweat and tipped by tufts of iron that begged for my teeth. I used his hair like reins and my throbbing cock like a brutal crop to urge him forward, ever faster and harder and hotter. Soon, his mirrored image faded into the mist of rapture that enveloped us both as we charged forward, man and mount, heedless as a Cherrypicker at Balaclava of the shot and explosions all around. The harder I rode, the thicker the smoke of battle grew until my breath stopped dead and all I could do was fuck. My very soul answered the bugled call to charge and half a billion little whip-tailed Marine rounds exploded upwards through my cannon to conquer that fine French ass and make its depths forever mine.

I would like to have taken careful notes of what JP and I had to say just then, but neither of us was thinking clearly. When I began breathing again and stopped my own lupine growling, JP's torso had collapsed onto the bed, though his ass was still wrapped around my dick. I administered a few fast ferocious fuck strokes and a savage male grind to put the seal on my conquest before I reached down to his leg and heaved it onto the bed. That popped my dick out of his hole with a loud thump, followed by the wettest possible SMACK as it snapped up against my furry belly. I didn't mind the mess. I'd upheld the honor of the Corps—and had JP's gorgeous French horn quivering away, ready to play, just inches from my lips.

He was busy trying to suck up oxygen, so he didn't mind my casting an

admiring hand across his firm, sweat-soaked chest and belly. His huge low-slung balls also dripped from our work—some led savory as the musk of sexual ardor. In a way, I was sorry time hadn't stopped. I could have joyfully spent any number of eternities caressing, licking and sucking at that magnificent body. Since I knew he would recover soon enough to give me trouble, I centered my attention on the glorious skin of canine glory throbbing away before me.

It was only eight inches to my nine and had a smaller stroke, but was blessed by the gods with a head almost half again the size of mine. More to the point, of course, was the huge French foreskin, covering all but the very tip of his knob. His purple cum-suit smiled slyly out at me saying "Bon jour!" but I was long past the niceties of diplomatic small talk.

I grabbed that lizard in a low choke hold and squeezed until his head was about ready to rupture. My nose went first, inhaling nature's greatest fragrance: the sublime scent brewed only in an active man's hot cock sock. He had overlooked stripping and cleaning his weapon during our shower, so there was a day's treasure for me to loot, musk and sweat and perhaps the merest suspicion of some carelessly shaken piss aged together to make my heads swim. JP recovered enough to start making noises, but I was too busy to give a shit. I kept him wet enough, but I wasn't about to let him distract me from a more intimate companion.

When my tongue tip darted between those tender wrinkles and wormed its salacious way south, prying soft skin from the hard, smooth purple pride that lay below, I felt his body stir seriously to action. Every flick of my tongue engulfed my taste buds with stinging honey even as the gossamer of his skin seemed to dissolve into liquid sugar that made my ravenous mouth water all the more. That huge, sweet dick was a triumph of nature and deserved slow, reverent consideration.

JP's hand on my Corps-cropped head shoved downward, hoping to grind my

ce down his crank for a quick fix to his needs. I wrapped a firm fist around his nuts, warning him that the Marines were still in charge. He eased up and let me have my way as I maneuvered

in so I could slowly swallow his crank. I tried absent-mindedly shoving my dick down his throat by way of reciprocity, but he apparently couldn't be bothered with licking his own spit off a man's dick. Instead, while I eased myself in, he used his gloved finger to ease down his savory shaft, he licked and tongued my ass hole the way only a seasoned diplomat can.

By the time his knob was spit polished and ready for inspection, my ass was awash in drool and something long and bumpy was teasing the living fuck out of my hole. I ignored that diplomatic maneuvering in favor of a frontal assault down JP's defenseless column. When I reached the bottom of that throbbing knob, I slammed my fist down into his soft, bi-colored pubes, ripping his skin from its station and leaving every tender nerve open to the brutal tongue-lashing he knew he deserved.

I went at him with my wet lips and ca-like tongue, careful not to spare the red. Then I cranked up the suction and moved farther south, keeping his knob easy on the top of my mouth moving until my nose was nested deep in his golden down and I could hang out for a moment to enjoy it. We ebbed and flowed like the tide, back and forth, my face twisting as my throbbing tool, his tongue reaching my ass advanced french. Nothing shuts down my brain faster than a good ass-licking—unless it's the angry taste and firm texture of uncultured dick. What else did I have when both of them came at me at once and caught me in a sexual piner action right out of the

If JP hadn't started moving and thrashing around and I've caught me off guard again and wasted

fresh French vintage—and intended to as soon as was convenient. I thought it only fair, though, that his first gusher be up my ass. Even as I was licking his

dick, I relished the image of my hot Marine load frothing the inside of his guts, coating his shit chute with the kind of creamy good time only my USMC sponge can provide. Taking a man is fine, but having him carry your spore around is icing on the cake. If that doesn't make sense to you, call me a pervert. I just thought I owed JP some turn-about and fair play before I slammed him to a vomit.

I wasn't about to let him get the wrong idea though. When I pulled myself off his dick and shot his face out my ass, I held him where he lay and worked his impossible dick up my tight hole myself. I hadn't been fucked in months and knew JP's monster madness would hurt like hell. Oddly, it wasn't at all that bad. By the time I was easing up and down his shank and ready to let him bowl me over so he could actually make himself useful for a change, my Marine-built body had adapted once again and I was stroking along like a satisfied slut of creation. Looking up at JP's face as he reamed me wide, I felt really good. The clenched jaw and brutal eyes told me he was having a fine time pretending that he had tamed himself a United States Marine. We would show him otherwise very shortly, but just lying there taking everything the gorgeous stud could slam my way was relaxing in a knock-down, drag-out, no-holes-barred, bone-crunching butt-fuck kind of way that is hard to explain unless you've been there. As he grunted and

the muskiness of his prostate didn't bother with deodorant. He used his long fingers to sweep his butt out of his face and spread his butt with my heels. I had obviously primed his pump before he ever came aboard so I wasn't surprised to see the earth move for old JP long before I had to call for corpsmen to patch my ass back together. I wasn't sure JP wouldn't need them, though. He huffed and puffed and

I WENT AT HIM WITH MY WET LIPS

spewed my ass full, crying out "Jesus" and "Mon Dieu" and a whole wagonload of other French religious folk I didn't recognize. I bore down with every muscle up my butt and even reached up to give him a healthy cat-bite on the neck to keep him interested; but from the way he was twitching and howling and carrying on, I expected Jean-Pierre didn't much need my input. He was busy enough giving me his.

He charged away longer than the French have done since Napoleon's time, but when he finally undenched his jaw and opened his eyes, I saw right away he was going to say something cocky and get himself into trouble. I packed his ass up and carried it into my shower. Ever the perfect host, I didn't want to shove anything down his throat that he wasn't ready for, but if he thought I was going to let him fuck and run, he didn't know dick.

Sure enough, before either of us was clean, I was having to slam his head back against the tile and wash his mouth out with my soapy dick. Once I added some protein to make the socks go down easier, JP just licked his chops and said, "Yes, Sir." Now if the rest of the diplomatic corps would be so pliable, international relations would be easier. In the end I worked out with JP about twice a week until Desert Storm wound down and I was transferred. We would almost always start at the ASU racquetball court for a couple of hard games and then go back to my hotel to make the loser's life interesting. Looking back, I'm sure Jean Pierre must have thrown those games—both in and out of the sack. Nobody could be so bad at ball games and so good in bed if he obviously just craved the kind of hard Marine training only I could give.

ROD VIDEO

ALEX'S LEATHER DREAM

V145

The smell and feel of a new leather armband induces Alex to wonderful sex-fantasy dreams. Sucking fucking— as the necessary to make these leather studs hard and panting. A dream fantasy of hot steam.



NEW YORK VOYEUR

V151

Hard hat sex, fucking, sucking and prick up the butt as these hard hatted studs give a big thrill to the watchful eyes of an excited voyeur. Later, in the privacy of his own room, the voyeur flares on the action in his fantasy and beats his big black dick to a full-on cum shot.



V148

Acres take us through the hottest shots of the video sex on top of the boss. A hot and heavy act on. There's no playing around in this video. These guys give you hardcore action at its very best.



DADDY'S SLAVE INDUCTION

V152

Big ear smoking daddy Donnie Rasso takes two slaves in tow and teaches them to be good slaves for their masters. After washing double-headed dildo fucking, all three shoot big loads. Later Donnie fucks the Romero and bott.



SEX PLAY BY RUSSO

These titheers are two of New York City.



PHYSICIAN XAM

V143

Two sexy hot dick hot of ass play in room 2 and a gynecologist who has a few tricks to show. Cough, bend over, spread your cheeks, say All right, this video will push all the right buttons for you.



JACKIE BREAKOUT

Steve Drayton and his horny studs from Leeds. It's a hot action-packed and kinky men getting kicking, beating, and shaving, and



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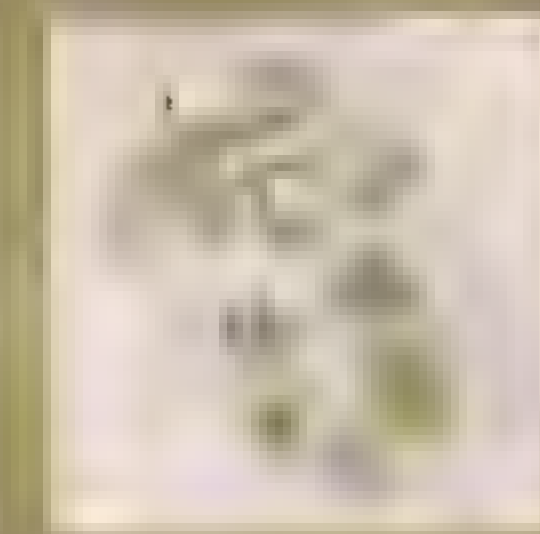
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DRUMBEAT

Leather Archives and Museum, Inc.

1995

the nationally known leather Archives and Museum, Inc. opened its first public gallery November 4, 1995 in Chicago, Illinois. The gallery opening was scheduled to coincide with the annual Leather Quest weekend.

Leather Archives and Museum, Inc. is a non-profit corporation created to document and represent the history of SM/leather communities. Since its inception, the rapidly growing LA&M collection has been privately housed and only available for scheduled private use. With the opening of its new public gallery, the LA&M will feature regular public hours.

The sizable collection presently includes the following complete sets of several publications, i.e. Drum

beat, The Leather Journal, Mars Magazine, Rawhide Magazine, Der Kreis Le Circle, narratives, memorabilia, photographs, and 8mm films documenting various motorcycle clubs, original works of art by noted leather artists, i.e. Pierre, Steve Masters, Tom of Finland, leather contest, bar, and event memorabilia, and formerly private collections from several individuals and businesses.

The gallery is located at 3005 North Clark Street in Chicago. Its new neighbors include Eagle Leathers and the Chicago Eagle, a prominent leather bar.

LA&M is actively seeking volunteers in the areas of organization, publications, acquisitions, and fund raising. In addition to seeking volunteers, the LA&M continues to solicit





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KELLER'S
Hard Cruising Bar



DAY BY DAY This year, San Francisco's SoHo Galleries edge. Pictured here is one of the

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donations of archival material and funding.

Clinton 'Backing' Queers?

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Three years after Clinton's disastrous political moves regarding gays in the military, the U.S. president has decided to "come out" in support of a bill outlawing employment discrimination against gays. This marks the first time in U.S. history that a president has backed a major piece of legislation to secure equal rights for gays.

Gay rights leaders are thrilled with Clinton's position, despite the dim prospects in Congress. Leaders seem to agree that Clinton's endorsement of the bill will have little immediate impact, since the Republican Congress is adamantly opposed to the measure, which would apply to both public and private employment. However, Clinton's endorsement of the bill may guarantee that gay rights will become an issue in next year's presidential campaign.

The bill, called the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, would extend to sexual orientation the same federal protection against bias in hiring, promotions or dismissals that currently exist on the basis of race, sex, religion, color, or national origin. The measure does not cover the armed

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forces, businesses with fewer than fifteen employees, and religious institutions, including sectarian schools

Internet Anarchy INTERNET

Johan Helsingius wants to guarantee "that there's a place on the Internet where you can discuss sensitive views." Or send X-rated photos, as the case may be! From a storefront in Helsinki, Finland, Helsingius operates an anonymous remailer service that seeks to elude government attempts to regulate the Internet.

The free service allows people to exchange information and images anonymously. Every day, Helsingius strips thousands of messages of their identifying codes and reenters them onto the Internet with pseudonyms.

Helsingius has been exonerated of charges by Finnish police of violating American copyright laws and distributing child pornography.

Salute The Closet! WASHINGTON D.C.

Former Joint Chiefs of Staff Colin Powell recently said the following to a CNN reporter:

"There are gays serving in the military now and serving well. We ask them to make an additional sacrifice beyond the other sacrifices that you have to

make for military service, and that's to keep their sexual orientation a private matter to themselves because we think that it would be very detrimental to good order and discipline to have additional sexual orientations and genders within the confines of barracks life and shipboard life. The fact of the matter is we tell people who they're going to room with, we tell people who they're going to sleep with and we have young people in the armed forces of the United States. And it was my judgment and the judgment of my colleagues and the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the senior commanders of the armed forces of the United States that we thought it would be prejudicial to the good order and discipline to have open homosexual orientation announced within the armed forces. It is a controversial issue, but that was our best judgment."

Sounds like Mr. Powell could use a good military scene! Anyone out there wanna play sergeant?

Colin Powell's Dream Coming NEW SOUTH WALES

The Attorney General of New South Wales, Jeff Shaw, will present the State Cabinet with legislation recognizing same-sex couples and transsexuals, reported Dominic

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O'Grady in the Australian gay newspaper Brother Sister.

"I would like to see legislation which treats a variety of stable relationships in a non-discriminatory way," Shaw said. "We want to treat all relationships in a way which is not governed by the traditional heterosexual view."

The most likely option for gays is a "domestic relations act" which would give gay couples equal rights in areas such as property settlements, life compensation claims, and hospital decisions. Shaw reported. Shaw explained that he hopes to change other discriminatory laws, especially those dealing with adoption.

Sodomy-In-the-South ROCKDALE GA

L. Chris Christensen was one of 17 men arrested last year in a three-day sting operation set up by the Rockdale Sheriff's Department in Georgia. Christensen was arrested for soliciting an undercover sheriff deputy to perform oral sex. The arrest occurred after Christensen met the deputy at a rest stop off I-20 in Rockdale County and followed him to a nearby hotel. This year, he was sentenced to a year's probation and fined \$500.

Christensen's case brings up important issues with regard to both sodomy and privacy laws. His defense cited up long established

sodomy rights in the State of Georgia. Georgia Attorney General Michael Bowers said Christensen does not have such "rights," backing his outrageous assertion with the U.S. Supreme Court's landmark 1986 decision which decided that federal privacy rights do not apply to homosexual acts. Bowers further stated that the Georgia court should not ignore the federal precedent simply "to legitimize [Christensen's] public solicitation of anonymous, unadorned, homosexual

sodomy spawned by nothing more than lust."

Banned Artist's Book Faces Censorship in Canada OTTAWA

The publication of "Forbidden Passages" an anthology featuring the works of authors previously censored in Canada, has come under the guns of Canada's anti-pornography laws. The book which is published by Cleis Press a small Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania-based lesbian publishing

house, contains the works of Tom of Finland, Pat Callia, John Preston and David Wojnarowicz. The publisher was initially turned down by three Canadian printers and three Canadian distributors.

Printers rejected the book based on the perceived offensive subject matter, the book's illustrations as well as their fear of government censorship. "I was repeatedly told that people working in the plants might find the work obscene," says Frederique

Weekly, one of numerous Canadian news publications to pick up on the issue, the rationale of the Canadian distributors declined "Forbidden Passages" was the personal liability their distribution representatives could face under Canadian obscenity laws.

Undaunted, Cleis continued to search and secured not only a Canadian printer but also a Canadian distributor, Marginal Distribution, of Ontario, also distributes publications for City Lights, Re/Scene and other subversive publications.

"Forbidden Passages" is the brain-child of outlaw author and activist Pat Callia and a fund-raiser for the gay and lesbian Sisters Bookstore in Vancouver. Little Sisters has taken Canadian Customs to court over the government's right to seize imported gay and lesbian books which are often considered obscene. ■



SKIN FLICK ENTHUSIASTS A new Adam Gay Video Directory goes on sale this month at newsstands, bookstores and video outlets worldwide. The 6th annual edition includes over 1,000 explicit gay video reviews complete with plot, erotic content, and full color photos. Extras include performer profiles, award winners, and where to buy. Cover price is \$10.95 U.S.

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withd. uniforms, tropical settings, HIV, wear
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175# with longish hair long thick eyes, posture
good shoulders and nice hands. 50 lbs per cent
body He must be 5'11" w 8.44 lbs good
jaguar, RN eyes, and moderately chest hair He
will have a great sense of humor be extremely
charming and love to get his 1-ova vol
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3 yo S B 12" # another bottom. ISO hot
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on. (man had chest action like a trucker
and social phobia & phone is Auto, 340 West
Ave 3rd Fl Minneapolis HI 96844 9962 F

Wine cop 4.40 \$ 10" 14.00 swans other
major or mounted officer for up to up other
2nd boot within corkswine cigars and tough
2nd 2nd Red rope like the A- swans & groups
pk 100000 for trade as all indicate Officer has
full mounted gear No Hines 1734 F

[illegible]

that baby NY top wants to pound you to a pulp
 like 5 1/2" 4 1/2" room 5'10" smell like a flower
 room punch like a mule kicks you 20" slaps,
 then hungry to suck dick, get punched Mrs. he
 is willing to get hit and shed blood I know
 what he is doing and know you want to take it
 what he is willing 11/24

need an older reliability figure to take me to the woodshed - you're possibly slip this 2000 Wm am 5'". old in good shape. Also bonding. @ B? with A. am in Cinninath but travel nation wide + am working with a white boy! can you fix that? .6-1 E

revenue minister and a prominent member of the
 the 19th. For a set term and SALE to
 a sum of \$6,377 in Broadway Chicago, IL
 11-11-11

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[Faint, illegible handwritten notes]

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ber that appears at the end of
the ad you want to contact.

42yo, 5'11", 165# well hung, seeks versatile
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intense passion, but nothing too severe. 11267
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cockle, show me who's in charge Your blue col-
or, deer belly, booty, tats, cigarette smoker,
40+yo, HIV, safe Me: your struggling captive.
11273

Must must 25yr old man to humiliate
show damn luck and pain are 1-24

[illegible]

24, mid 40s 5'8", 180 lbs, tall, thin, wavy
Hiv. good heart honest & warm like my
fun loving men to cuddle with love & sex
mother and sex. 14th floor 3rd floor you a
100' Could lead to relationship with 1st party
but not a must Easy going & quiet but fun
good friends and good times. 94-8-16

old eg 64th Ave 3000 to 1", 14 x
482, 894 with 100-110 34, 61 9" x 6" cut
out through both with twelfth 112. See
going to a shallow bottom for possible lower
relationship (5) sex of water, heavily 4100 &
smaller 100 A 80) mostly unknowns look to
top morning and 100 B1 B1 0 "4" 900
24 89 A (A 9 8 4 9 3 4 4

and control in southern and about by 47yo \$ 8"
+ 85# 88 You do in high price experiment
last well from "Start" on long term with exper
showing clearly from experience. It is expected
and 95yo \$

Master sent word we should for well and #
love Katoole being to two great coxes still
owning ownership Duties son gardeners, of
Master \$8yo, very experienced, slave \$4yo
Both men very hot Kare opportunity Master and
slave want you White sr \$278 2691 Katoole
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Week: boy learning routine for discipline, nurturing and gentle as lover. Friend, companion, and go handle situation as well as IT BD. BT self and some experimentation. Dad is 6'2" 175# 40s. H/W and handsome. Are you ready to give a gift to dad & all? 8.5.5.5. C

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take 2 socks, 15 inches in all. Do you like to
take it from both ends? Do you know how to
give your men? Photo taken by PNL 35 &
Pampone Sep 11, 1930. 2. Address:

With large and dark, & lots of them I'm 38yo,
 & w/ a smooth sex crazed & fit cowboy derrick
 and dark & japs to serve w/ my tight hungry
 bit & talented tongue. One or one or as a
 group scum my hole & take your pleasure full
 me T.C. or rough you desire. Use me 5964
 . C

Work out 7 hrs day 6 days a week and have
my chest done upper abs and biceps but
training for legs and lower abdoms for FF, (BT
TF WS \sqrt{L} work on 1cm \times 4" 43A 3days
in broed also interested in doing kinky videos.
2018

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but as a very experienced if you are
of a "veteran" in developing your talents
I can give you some ideas with SA and the
good is we had you had, will never knowingly
harm you. P. 2, 6. Best Regards. 1.14.11
1.14.11

not a good thing. 6 100# top only.
true and strong, dig weather and strong
to a heavy red sandy action with men
who are a huge sloppy hungry hole and are
practically. My boy, old and talented hands know
how to make you feel good. Enjoy days &
with me. It's about dirty talk. W's and any
kind of a. Pinned, fattened and good smoking
with the best places. Can host in Florence and
travel extensively in it twice a year. No mix up
with the rest.

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up to full time work. Personally, how busy are
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in her. After the others, just into price
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212-212-212

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MA and brother. 44yo 5'11" 210 lb
very fit. 100% white. 8' 10" up and 100% white
with hair. Love a lot. Top relationship. A
top. 6' 10" 170 lb. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
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100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

W.M. Sully. 6' 10" 170 lb. 100% white. 100% white.

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STAY BACK & WATCH

100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

WM BODYBUILDING MASOCHIST

5' 10" 170 lb. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

FLORIDA

DADDY WANTS HIS BOY

100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

ORAL PL

100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

MASSACHUSETTS

Ruggedly Musc. Top. 39yo 195# 5'11", HIV
whips muscular bottoms & tops 25-35yo who
enjoy discipline. CBT 100, was. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

GEORGIA

BOY SEEKS DAD/MASTER

Submissive boystud, 5'6", 32yo 130# sk.
dominant take charge Top/Dad into CBT
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

SHAVING MANLY TO GET-GIVE

Man to man shaving by expert with str. razor
shaves body, head, built, tidy up body or head
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

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HOLONY TOPMEN WANTED

Inc. Non-white topmen, to lurk the hunger holes
of this 6' 220#, 38yo GWN, SS, enjoys dildos
and being fisted. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

VERY DOMINANT DADDY

6', 200#, 7' 1/2" tall, mid 40s, cigars, wants
very submissive bootlicker for WS, ranch, CBT
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

WANNA PARTY IN MY HOLE?

offered hairy-chested construction worker
6' 2" 175# 36yo, with ironclad hole for rough
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.
100% white. 100% white. 100% white. 100% white.

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Seeks dogslave for total training. This black man
with experience is lonely and is looking for a pet
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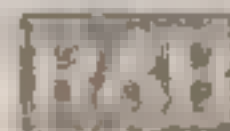
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16 Christmas Party

16 COMMAND Lockup Night

16 Gummy Party

16 Hot & Heavy

16 Mannerfreak

16 Master & Slave Night

17 Christmas Dinner

17 Jack Off

17 Powerparty

17 SM Party

18 Fresh in The Club

18 Leather Meeting

18 Tanned Leather Party in the Club

19 Skin & Sex at The Barracks

20 SM Party Discovery Night Santa's rumormongers

21 The Leather House

22 Darkroom Night

22 Golden Shower

22 General Night

22 Santa Claus is Coming

23 Dungeon Party

23 Fast Fuck

23 Hartford Cuts

23 X-mas Western Party

24 Leather Meeting

24 First Fuck Party

24 Hot Christmas Night

Keller's Box, 14 rue Keller, 75001 Paris, France

26

26 Leather Meeting

27 Santa's message

Ex. 674, rue de la Paix, 75001 Paris, France

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28 Fresh party in the Club

28 The Bears, Van der Grinten 22

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30 Leather Brother

15 X-Mas Party

15 The Bears, Van der Grinten 22

15 Rubber X-treme

Amsterdam, Belgium

15 X-Mas Party

13 Golden Shower

13

Amsterdam, Belgium

70180 Stuttgart, Germany

22 Bunker II

Club 180, 180 Emb Court
Road, London, England

22 23rd Anniversary of Roe vs. Wade

23 Leather Meeting
Laguna, Home, Johanna-
straße 8, Hannover, Germany

23 Tuesday Night Dungeon Party

The Renegades, 40 The Man-
hole, 28 North Ave, NYC, NY

24 GUMMI

Rubber Party - The Black, 5
Parkfieldsmead, London, Eng-
land

25 Glory Hole

Central Station, 37 Wharfedale
Road, King's Cross, London,
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26 Golden Shower

SMation, Alter Markt 4-b,
Köln, Germany

26 Gummi Night

Gray Hound's, Holzstraße 4,
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26 The Renegades

Last-Friday-Of-The-Month Dun-
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26 Rubber Men's Club

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30 Skin 4 Skin at The Barracks

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England

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3 1996 Seattle Mr. Leather Contest

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5-10 National Condom Week

9-11 1996 Pantheon Of Leather Awards

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New Orleans, LA

10 Blackhearts Ball

Tahoe Leather Club, DC
Eagle, Washington, DC

13 Tuesday Night Dungeon Party

The Renegades, 40 The Man-
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16-18 The Eulen- spiegel Society

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The Black Guard of Minneapo-
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17 Blackhearts Ball

Tahoe Leather Club, Greens-
boro, NC

23 The Renegades

Last-Friday-Of-The-Month Dun-
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675 Hudson Street, New
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23-25 Freeze and Sleeze IV

Leather United-Chicago, held
this year in Indianapolis, IN

27 Tuesday Night Dungeon Party

The Renegades, 40 The Man-
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MARCH

1-3 Lion's Pride VII

An Irish Holiday-Memmore
Levy/Leather Club Anniversary
Celebration in SE, POB 7364,
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8-10 Leatherfest VIII

Club X (formerly known as
NLK: San Diego), San Diego,
CA

12 Tuesday Night Dungeon Party

The Renegades, 40 The Man-
hole, 28 North Ave, NYC, NY

22 The Black Party

At the Cuff, Seattle, WA

22-31 1996 Wash- ington State Leather Pride Week

Seattle, WA

23 The Cuff's 3rd Anniversary Celebra- tion & Pin Night

At the Cuff, Seattle, WA

24 7th Anniversary SML Brunch

Seattle Men in Leather,

Seattle, WA

26 Tuesday Night Dungeon Party

The Renegades, 40 The Man-
hole, 28 North Ave, NYC, NY

28 HML Night at the Cuff

With International Mr. Leather
'95, Larry Everett, at The
Cuff, Seattle, WA

29 The Renegades

Last-Friday-Of-The-Month Dun-

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675 Hudson Street, New
York, NY

30 1996 Washington State Mr. Leather Con- test

At Neighbours Nightclub, Seat-
tle, WA

APRIL

19-21 Rubout V Rub- ber Weekend

Vancouver BC

26 The Renegades

Last-Friday-Of-The-Month Dun-
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York, NY

MAY

24-27 Rendezvous

'96

Knights of Malta

24-27 International Mr. Leather Contest

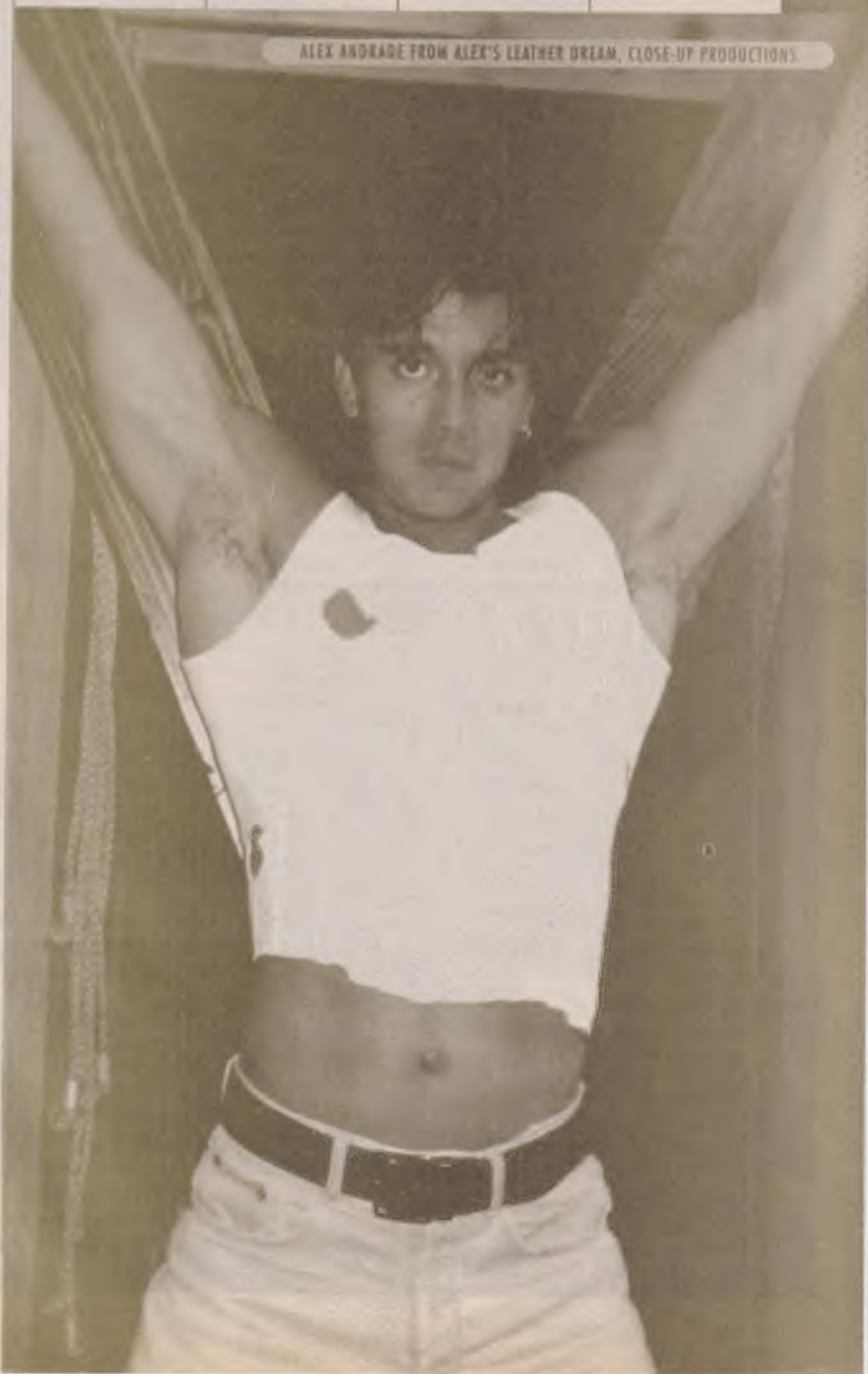
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July

25 International MS Leather Contest

Philadelphia, PA

ALEX ANDRAGE FROM ALEX'S LEATHER DREAM, CLOSE-UP PRODUCTIONS



A Pornographic Legacy

Our sexual fantasies are what differentiate us from the heterosexual world.

BY DAVID LAURENTS

I don't need to justify the consumption of pornography to anyone reading this magazine. But I do feel compelled to raise the idea that pornography means more to our community than just jerk-off material. Being queer is so above board these days it's easy to become complacent, to think that we've achieved legitimacy. But we must remember, as queers, that we are the only minority oppressed by law; the sex we have is illegal in half the U.S. Pornography is important to gay men because our sexual desires are what make us different from the rest of the world.

Our sexuality and our sex are transgressive. We don't—and need not—conform to anyone else's morality towards monogamy, public sex or pornography. Sex—gay sex—is a normal part of our lives. We write about sex because we like to read about it, to be entertained and aroused by it, and to jerk off to it. Pornography is, for many men, their introduction to gay sexuality.

Pornography represents a wide spectrum of sexual activities. We respond to hot fiction when it's about the kind of sex we have or would like to have. I have never been raped, and I hope never to be raped. But I fantasize about rape all the time. My earliest sexual fantasies involved being gang raped by the entire wrestling team, of which I was then a member. I was not yet out to myself, so my rape fantasies allowed me to have sex with men—in my mind, at least—without responsibility for my own desire. I still fantasize about rape—being raped by a favorite actor or

the two men sitting across from me on the bus, or being the rapist who forces his will on some deserving victim. One adopts the persona of aggressor or victim in the same way one adopts any set of polarized gender roles — top and bottom, daddy and boy, butch and femme.

As a community, we are uncomfortable discussing consensual rape even when it is negotiated beforehand, whether it be live SM sexual scenes or queer pornography. But it is something we need to actively support. An unexamined sexuality permeates today's mass media. It is being used in television, radio and magazine ads to sell everything from blue jeans to water to microwave ovens. Sex improves the bottom line in today's society. But are we, as queers, a sexual minority, selling out?

In Canada, anti-rape rhetoric is used to censor all queer materials entering the country. Many U.S. magazines which distribute in Canada censor themselves to protect their profits.

People often complain to me about pornography, as if I am supposed to be impressed by their honesty. Yes, there is a tremendously large volume of poorly-written pornography out there, much as there is in any genre. But those badly written stories about gay sexuality are just as important as any Pulitzer Prize winning gay novel. Queer pornography is writing we do for ourselves, without trying to impress or win approval. And it's important to ensure, proactively, that gay pornography be allowed to continue its traditions with a minimum of censorship. ■

David Laurents is the editor of "The Badboy Book of Poetry," "Wanderlust: Homoerotic Tales of Travel," "Southern Comfort," and "Stocking Stuffers."

Photo of Ken Ryker from "The Renegade" by Falcon Video.



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